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H. M'LEAN'S HOMŒOPATHIC
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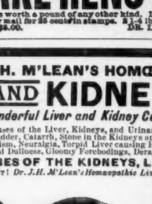
ses of the Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, such as Inflammation, dder, Catarrh, Stone in the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness and Pain in ion, Neuralgia, Torpid Liver causing Headache, Bright's Disease, Female d Dullness, Gloomy Forebodings, Derangement of the Natural Functions.
ES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER OR BLADDER.
r! Dr. J.H. M'Lean's Homœopathic Liver and Kidney Balm will cure you.

This entire family was cured and made happy by taking
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ands who testify, but have space for only three letters.)
Ark., writes us: "Dr. J. H. M'Lean's Homœopathic Liver and Kidney Balm Homœopathic Liver and Kidney Pillets gives the greatest satisfaction in first failure."
S., says: "Dr. J. H. M'Lean's Homœopathic Liver and Kidney Balm ion of five years' standing."
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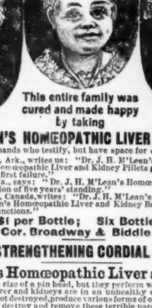
STRENGTHENING CORDIAL and BLOOD PURIFIER.
Homœopathic Liver and Kidney Pillets.
ize of a pin head, but they perform wonders in cleansing the Bowels, ver and kidneys are to an unhealthy condition. Sure to prevent and destroyed, please various forms of organic disease. Dr. J. H. M'Lean's ase by effectually removing the cause of all derangement of their natural J. H. M'Lean's Liver and Kidney Balm, have cured thousands of cases of the Bladder, Brick Dust Deposit, Irritation of the Bowels, Costiveness, Rush, Torpid, Pretty Tints, Pains in the Region of the Liver and Back, ss power. One of these little pillets taken every night before going to ation of the bowels and bring the natural functions into a healthy state M'Lean's Liver and Kidney Pillets cost 25 cents each vial, and can be sent DR. J. H. M'LEAN, Cor. Broadway & Biddle St., St. Louis, Mo.
pers and Farmers.—It is important the Soda and ton use should be White and Pure in common with lar substances used for food. In making bread a roast use at the same time about half a teaspoonful of Church & Co.'s "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus and thus make the bread

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Raisers of Hogs will find a little "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus thoroughly mixed with the animal's food a benefit to the whole herd.
rise better and prevent it becoming sour, by correcting the natural acidity of the sponge. In washing the "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus it is "pound or half pound" cartons, which bear trade-mark, as other goods are sometimes substituted. "Arm & Hammer" brand when bought in bulk in packages. Largest & most package and best Washing Compound in the market.
AL WORK AGED MEN, STPAID. EE TO ALL.
n Manhood. l Physical Debili- ors of Youth, and- ar indiscretion or y, young, middle- ing this paper may ne of which is in- whose experi- ully never before 0 pages, bound in 125 covers, full gilt in every sense ly, only $2.50, e every instance. ial. Illustrative ith Medal National Medical ssociation, the Hon. Fr. of the Board the ad by the young ed for relief. It o whom the Sci- ether youth, par- ge. Address, Museum of Institute, or Dr. 4, Boston, Mass. es requiring skill ubstitute diseases their physicians ly without an in- ly16
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1885.
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Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIV. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1886. No. 14.

The proceedings of the Thirteenth Annual Session of the Massachusetts State Grange held at Grafton, Dec. 15 and 16, have been published, forming a neat pamphlet of 84 pages. Such prompt work is a credit to the organization.

Mr. J. E. Brainerd, the Kennebec member of the Board of Agriculture has grown potatoes on the same tract of land for twenty-five years. The crop of 1884 was one of the best ever grown on the land. The crop has shown no special defect in any respect.

It is to be hoped that the breeders of Holsteins will not let their ambition induce them to enter into competition in the beef business. No one can doubt that Holsteins would make good and profitable beef; but there are beef animals enough already developed and perfected. The Holstein is a dairy cow, and let her remain so.

A farmer in Turner has a herd of six cows which are kept with only common care and attention. The cream from the milk of these cows, taken to the creamery every day for the year has amounted to fifty dollars apiece, net, lacking a few cents. The calves and the skim milk make further credit. This is an example of what common work will do.

At the recent Ensilage Congress in New York, the question of nomenclature was considered, and a resolution recommending the continued use of "ensilage" to express both the system and the contents of silo, by which term it was introduced to the American people, instead of using the word "silage" to express the contents, as is the practice in England, was unanimously voted.

Somerset farmers still believe that only the best sheep are good enough for them. F. D. Hilton, C. M. Niles and Wm. Parsons, New Portland, are the fortunate owners of King Fortune, No. 502, Vermont Merinos Sheep Breeders' Registry. This ram was bred by F. H. Bacon, Vergennes, Vt., in 1883, sire Standard, dam 136, bred by A. C. Bacon. King Fortune's first fleece weighed 24 lbs. 3 ozs.; second fleece 30 lbs. 8 ozs. Staple is long but not oily. This is the kind of stock that keeps up the profits during low prices.

E. L. Mower, Greene, has a fine team of Shorthorn steers, bred from the stock formerly owned by Z. A. Gilbert of that town. A pair of roan three-year-olds, matched to a dot, measure over seven feet in the line, and are as smooth and well made up as any that can be found. A pair of two-year-olds, red, measure six and a half feet, not fat, and are laid out in frame and limb for a large and smooth pair of cattle. Such steers pay well for the raising. Mr. Mower likes good cattle and likes to feed them well, and to care attentively to their wants.

Mr. James S. Sanborn of Boston, has purchased the widely known farm formerly owned by the late J. R. Pulsifer of Poland. This farm has long been known as one of the largest and best farms in Androscoggin county, and celebrated for its extensive orchards. Mr. Sanborn is a native of Androscoggin county. The farm for the present will be under the oversight of Mr. Elijah S. Daley of Greene. It is to be stocked with a herd of fine Holstein cattle, some of which have already been forwarded to the farm. Such an enterprise will be welcomed by all.

Prof. Wm. Brown of the Ontario Agricultural College, has been carrying on experiments for determining the food cost of milk, butter and cheese, both in summer and in winter, and he finds that with the common Ontario and Shorthorn grade cows, yielding 3,500 pounds of milk a year, the food cost in summer is three cents per gallon. This allows for three acres of ordinary "cultivated hay pasture," the grass upon which is worth to the farmer $10 per acre, or six months. With a better pasture, capable of keeping two cows upon three acres, the food cost of the milk may be reduced to two cents per gallon. In winter, with a daily allowance of twelve pounds of hay, thirty pounds of ensilage or roots, three pounds of bran, and two pounds of crushed oats, costing in market fifteen cents, but to the farmer who grows it not over eight cents, but the cost of milk with cows giving twenty-five pounds per day will be only four and one-half cents per gallon.

Mind in Farming.

The idea has generally prevailed in the past, and possibly more by farmers than others, that for the business of farming but little intellectual training was necessary. A willingness to work on in the old routine, that has been transmitted from the practices of the past, was all that could be safely relied on for success. This narrow view, born and kept alive by ignorance only, is a mistaken fallacy of the past, fast going out, rather than the sentiment of intelligent, practical thought. The agriculture of to-day is not based on manual labor alone. The education of the mental faculties, as well as the training of the hand to work skillfully, is recognized as an essential in fitting for the life work of the farm. Upon these, intelligence and labor combined, rests the hope of progress in agriculture. And yet it may be questioned if farmers fully appreciate the value to their children of a home training and education in the work and in the business of the farm. Each year there go out from the farms young men and women to assume the work of managing farms for themselves. Are these young men and women as well educated and trained in the work and business affairs of the farm as they, the sons and daughters of farmers, ought, with their opportunities, to be? We fear there is yet too much of indifference by parents in teaching their children the business of farming, not only as a trade but as a profession. It ought to be kept constantly in view that the training and education needed by the farmer can largely be learned at home, and that the practical knowledge thus gained will be of inestimable value—so much capital with which to begin the business of farming.

Standard of Quality in Milk.

There has been some discussion in Massachusetts during the past year over the law which requires milk to contain at least 13 per cent. of milk solids.

Hon. George W. Sanderson of Littleton, Mass., in order to test the justness of the law, had samples of his milk analyzed, and the results are given in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*. The milk was taken from his barn at 5.30 o'clock, A. M., Sept. 15, 1885. Charles Harrington, State Analyst, inspected and analyzed it.

The following is the result:

No.	Age.	Breed.	Since calving.	Fat.	Solids.	Ash.
1	8 yrs.	Ayrshire	35 dys	2.70	12.96	.77
2	6 "	Ayrshire & Jersey	76 "	3.61	13.66	.77
3	6 "	H'h Grade	135 "	3.22	12.80	.60
4	2½ "	Ayrshire & Jersey	28 "	2.68	12.57	.58
5	6 "	H'h Grade	225 "	4.13	15.37	.60
6	4 "	Ayrshire	165 "	2.63	13.01	.61
7	4 "	H'h Grade	78 "	3.04	13.67	.57
8	6 "	H'h Grade	195 "	3.33	14.61	.61
9	5 "	Ayrshire Grade	7 "	4.54	16.31	.75
10		Shorthorn		3.75	14.30	.68

No. 4 sample was taken from the first half of the milking; a calf was put on to suck the strippings, which are well known to be richer in fats and solids than the milk first drawn. No. 10 is sample of mixed milk from six cows, other than the nine above given.

The nine cows average	14.11 6-9	solids.
" " "	3.62	fat.
" fifteen "	9.65	ash.
" " "	14.26⅔	solids.
" " "	3.70⅓	fat.
	0.61 8.15	ash.

The average age of the cows was about five years; average time since calving, 105 days. These cows each had four quarts of shorts daily, and green rowen fed in the barn; this in addition to pasture feed of poor quality.

Cost of a Pound of Beef.

Edward Atkinson of Boston, widely known as a writer on political economy, has been trying to find out the cost on the farm of growing beef, particularly in New England. He has sought far and wide for his information, has resorted to the agricultural press and to the producer of the beef, on the farm, but so far with indifferent success, and apparently with little prospect of a definite answer. Bewildered with the inexplicable confusion which has apparently for the first time been disclosed to his vision, he thus writes to the *Country Gentleman*:

"If any man wishes to start a textile factory, iron-works, or almost any other kind of manufactory or mechanical industry, experts abound who can inform him upon every element of the cost of the plant, capital needed, cost of production, and all other questions, upon which data he may decide what is expedient; but when one takes up the production of meat, and attempts to solve the same questions, who can answer?

There are thousands of acres of good corn land in New England going to waste, pastures reverting to scrub, comfortable dwellings rotting away, capital lying idle, laborers eager to do honest work, young men of ability asking what there is for them to do, and a constantly increasing demand for good beef; yet only an approximate answer has yet been given to the question, 'What is the cost of producing a pound of beef?'"

To one who is unable to comprehend the innumerable complications surrounding this great question and influencing results, it certainly does not appear complimentary to us that the problem has not been so solved as to lay before the celebrated economist a fixed answer. There are, however, peculiarities pertaining to a productive problem like this, where it is connected with animal and plant life, that makes it a complex one, and one, too, that will not soon be definitely settled, however simple it may appear to those whose study of it comes from mental contact alone.

"Among Thrifty Farmers."

Under the above caption the *Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Georgia, gives the following pleasant allusion, in the Young Farmers' Club department, of a tarry with Gov. Frederick Roble, at his home in Gorham, written by the Secretary of the club, Sidney Herbert of Atlanta. We are glad to be assured that our comfortable and well kept farm homes are appreciated by our visitors, and congratulate the secretary of the club that he should so readily accord to grass and stock the importance it bears to the successful agriculture which has established such homes:

During the past summer, the Secretary of the Club paid a visit to Governor and Mrs. Frederick Roble of Maine, honorary members of our organization, and spent two weeks very pleasantly at their charming home in Gorham. The Governor happily combines farm and town life, his spacious residence and extensive grounds being on the main street, while his farm of several hundred acres, just across the railroad track, is within the town limits. His success and experience as an agriculturist has been such as to place him at the head of the State Grange, which he has made a powerful organization both in numbers and influence. Although Governor of the State, both men and women, he found, on looking after, he gives close attention to his farm, which is one of the most valuable and best cultivated in that section, and at the same time conducted with the same business of growing hay, and I believe that the modern idea of sowing grass seed to be covered only by the roller or brush harrow has cost us lots of poor "catches" and light crops.

At the Institute in session at Dirigo, Prince told us two things of themselves worth many times the cost of the meeting, and from many years of personal experience, I wish to emphasize them with all earnestness and confidence:

First, He told us not to set our fruit trees until the ground was in order. It is one of the things to know and remember. Never set fruit trees in land which will not produce enough to plant corn. Dig a hole in the garden and bury the roots and half the trunks in earth, throw over a horse blanket to keep the dirt moist and wait the right time. Whenever our young farmers learn the value of grass and stock and hay crops, and practice economy, then may we have here in the South such large and handsome orchards and vineyards as there are in those thrifty farms as can be seen about Gorham. And we are moving that way now.

Turner Centre Dairying Association.

STATEMENT FOR DECEMBER, 1885.

Price per lb. paid patrons for butter, net,	24.87¼ cts.
Cream Received and received at Factory:	
No. Lbs. Butter made,	6,606½
Inches Per Lb.	2.1627
Received for Butter,	$1385.26
Amt. Received for Buttermilk, @38 12,	
Cts.	38 38
Paid Patrons,	1643 12
C. B. Bailey, Collector,	31 00
C. H. Record,	45 00
R. Haskell,	40 30
Allie Haskell,	7 15
E. L. Bradford, Buttermaker,	9 00
Walter Lawrence,	40 55
Ice, 10 00; Salt, 8 50; Color, 2 00.	20 50
Oil, .40; Soap, .40; Printing and Postage, 2 00;	2 80
Interest for Int. and Repairs,	94 99
P'kge, 15 30; Fasteners, .35; Cloth, .40;	16 05
Carting, 31 67 Express, 2 15;	94 99
Butter Dyer, .80; Box Blacking, .35;	1 15

Forestry.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, held Jan. 30, J. B. Harrison, Franklin Falls, N. H., read a paper on "Forestry."

The primary thought, said he, in the formation of a forest is a vast sponge of vegetable matter which holds back the water, falling upon it and increases the area of swamp grounds. The same conditions formerly prevailed in Great Britain, but civilization has changed all this, so that but few areas of this character now are left, but instead we have a progressive desiccation.

When this country was settled trees were the great obstacles to progress. Industrious and children were educated to think of the forest as something to be destroyed. The momentum of the same feeling still continues to operate, and people still continue to destroy the forest when they ought to preserve it. Here in America we are steadily and rapidly going on to the same catastrophe that has befallen older countries. We have plenty of timber land in farm practices, by many progressive farmers, that the application of business principles to the business of the farm, will effectually prevent many of the irregularities which now exist.

In view of the fact that this is an era of progress, and a time of sharp competition in the various channels of business life, it will have to be brought across the Rocky Mountains.

Thus far no means have been used to diffuse information on the subject, but, depending on our hopeful instincts, we feel that in American enterprise is bound to come out about right, and that there is no waste but can be supplied. It is true that we can do many things that others cannot, but the most remarkable manifestations of human nature exist for us, and that there are some things that cannot be replaced. Animals have become extinct because the conditions under which they lived have passed away. Within our own time the bison of the Western prairies has become nearly extinct, and can never be restored. Lands once endowed with extreme fertility, with an ideal forest growth, and rich in many important relations to civilization, have become entirely changed. In the State of New York vast regions once fertile have become thus blighted, and once made green with the farm is not a fancy; it is not a difficult problem to solve; it is within the limits of reason to say that every man gifted with average intelligence and industry are the farmers of Maine] may know for a certainty where his losses occur and where he receives his gains. This being the case it isn't necessary to conduct operations in a knowledge of results, and be compelled to guess at the results; for guess work, even at its best, is misleading.

With more study, with a better understanding of applied business principles, there would also be a better appreciation of our advantages. We should not so often hear the expression, "farming don't pay." There would not be so many decrying the condition of our agriculture, and looking with longing eyes to the "far west," ever ready to heed the advice of Horace Greeley, "go west young man! Go west!" Believing that Maine has advantages equal to, and in many cases superior to those of the west, even when viewed from an agricultural standpoint, we think it best to give a reliable source of knowledge in all the varied departments of farm industry. Then, we repeat, study! And if, by chance, any desire information in regard to your ways and methods, let us hope, for the sake of those who desire to learn, that you will not be compelled to answer, "just as it happens."

Monroe.

E. C. DOW.

"Woman's Department."

Shut In.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din,
Of the restless world, and its want and sin,
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the weariesome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of the days gone by,
With buried joys that were born to die;
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest,
And have but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
Patience and Grace all pain to meet;
With faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great.

Shut in with Christ! a wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace His sufferings bought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod,
Oh, company blest! shut in with God.

Response to Sylvander.

Yes, Sylvander, you've done well, but we do not agree with you that women are the only injured ones; no, no, far from it. It does injure some of the men's feelings, not all of them (the sensible ones;) but such as you, to have things in the house that are decent, and in all probability all of those things were bought by the wife taking in work, or out in that hot, burning sun picking berries, or doing something else to pay for those self same things, happy in the thought that she is striving to make home have a bright, cosy look for her lord and master. And some like you rise up and call it extravagance; how conciliating, well enough if one can afford it. They have horses, carriages, sleighs and so on, but no decent stock, you've seen it, and the wife has done her share towards buying it because husband is toiling for what he thinks he wants, many a hard earned dollar rubbed out of the old washboard, has gone to help pay for them. And ten chances to one if that farmer you speak so very feelingly of, had or would listen to his wife's advice, and do a little more as she says concerning some trades he so foolishly makes, would have the interior of his barn in just as good order as the inside of the house you deplore so much, and I say it is really untrue that the average wife lacks real sympathy. I know that the wife is in sympathy with every move for good. You want them to do up the chores, see and attend to everything, while you and the boys are likely abed, or standing around doing little nothings, gossiping over the garden gate, if you chance to have any, with some one who has a wife that is milking the cows, feeding the pigs, bringing in wood and water, doing up these little odds and ends as you term them, letting their own needful work go doing all this; then hurrying, skurrying to get their breakfast, and the work done so as to cook some favorite dish that husband is so fond of. No, it means nothing to do to be perched up over a hot stove all day in a room where you could not straighten out your arm and whirl a cat without dashing out its brains, while you were out in God's sunshine and air out of doors where you can feel the air, if there is a breeze going you get the benefit of it, while likely in your house you've got to so arranged that there is not even a window arranged so that the gentle zephyrs will circulate freely through the room. No wonder you have aimless, helpless wives as you set them down to be. God's gifts are good, if you have one; if not, never try to yoke woman to the husband which I think you may likely prove to be, for by your own doings your stock may dwindle away; then it will be your wife is to blame for your'll luck. No I would advise you let the women alone, for if you havn't been taken in already by some one of the other sex, happy indeed your lot, with your self conceitedness.

But I think with you that the average child is not trained to be such a help to father and mother as they ought to be; let the girls help in the house, and the boys out doors. It is not a woman's place to haul manure or hold plows, their frames are not made for such. The most of women work as hard according to their strength as man; she is always physically up with the hardest part of man's work, although many of them have it to do, loaded down often with curses and rebukes, enduring harsh, cruel and abusive talk, and many times blows, for I am like you myself, I have been in all on both sides; you can't tell me anything about it, Sylvander. You've looked at your side, now look out this in all its shades of colouring. Man's lot if hard has many a sunnier spot than woman's.

A WOMAN.

The Shut-In Society.

Dear sisters of the *Farmer*: Your letters are welcome visitors at our house. We belong to a shut-in society, not by reason of sickness, though we have our share of pain and ills, but by being at such a distance from neighbors and all places of gathering. Even an old tumble down schoolhouse in which meetings and Sunday school might be held, would be welcome if we could get to it.

We have kept our plants this winter for the first time. We have but a few; a tall calla lily we got in the fall and set in a pot with papers; our other plants we keep in a large old trunk with a loose cover. Lined with papers inside and out, they could not freeze with the mercury down to 20° as it has been here this winter.

Below are directions for making a folding work basket: For materials you need two pieces of pretty goods, each twenty inches in length and fifteen in width, five pieces of strong card board, each seven inches long, and you will cut two of the boards two inches in width, the other three three and one-half inches each; two pieces of narrow ribbon or tape, each forty inches in length; sixteen angler's rod rings, the smallest size but one, which you can buy at almost any hardware store; a piece of thick wire, about fifteen inches long and two inches wide. Around the ends of outside and lining, taking off three inches at corners, leaving it the original length, fourteen inches; fold in middle or center, at the right side together, and sew both ends and one straight side. Now turn it and slip in one of the narrow card boards, then sew all around with strong silk or cotton, but not to draw too tight but so that they will fold over easily, the three wide boards, and sew each into its separate casing in the same way. Then put in the remaining narrow board, turn in the edges and sew all around. Sew a ring on the rings inside, six on a side, putting one in each corner between the narrow board and edge of cloth, the remaining ones two inches apart, one in the middle between the edge of the cloth and the boards. The two center rings should be 3½ inches from the end of the center card board. Begin on the straight side and run the wire through all the rings and tie its ends together. Then from the other side run the other braid through all the rings and tie. By drawing the braid tighter, a basket, or tighter still, a reticule.

A. M. B.

Indian Point.

Leaves from Maple Knoll.

The Ivy Leaf.

There is a significant legend of the ivy, which in brief may be told as follows:

A beautiful lady once lived in a castle beside the Rhine. Her lover was a brave knight and fair, but the lady was haughty and capricious, although she loved him. Therefore, when he asked her to be his bride, she answered, "Wait." Three times he came with the same request, with like result, wherefore he rode away in disgust, repeating "Wait, while the Rhine runs down to the sea." The lady Clare waited his return, but vainly. Finally falling ill, she sent for him, but he returned not the same answer. She died and was buried, but the servants of the castle observed that a beautiful vine sprang up over her grave, gradually covering it, and reaching its green arms outward. So they whispered the story with white lips, "It is lady Clare, seeking on bended knees the heart she threw away."

And indeed the ivy will probably fulfill its patient mission so long as the "Rhine runs down to the sea." How suggestive it is of patience and humility. And nature has in it a lesson as beautiful as it is sightly as well as the beautiful, it is also a fitting type of charity, sweet charity, which covers the wayward with love's mantle. Then let us plant the ivy spot where it might not grow; there is no character that charity and patience would not adorn. Blessed is the heart wherein this humble vine may creep, which is wont to throb with the sight of the green banners of creation. Such a heart is not beyond the reach of the influences of charity. A clinging vine in a sunny window, amid the storms of winter, is an unfailing blessing only to appear again as before. The frost work is most like foamy lace woven by delicate hands, but the pattern is constantly changing. Yet though shadow and frost work change, the ivy in its greenness only becomes more beautiful.

LURA BELL.

A Deserving Class.

Mrs. H. C. Puisifer says she thinks if any one deserves a silk dress it is the farmers' wives, although they get but little chance to wear them, they have to labor so long and hard. She says she thinks if any body deserves a pension it is the farmers' wives that bring up a large family of children, and she says she has thoughts of writing on to Congress and see if they wouldn't make a law to that effect. She has great sympathy for the farmers' wives, for she knows what long days she has to make in order to get through with her work, not less than fifteen hours a day, and sometimes more. The latest arrival which we have noticed, is the bay stallion, Al Dudley, by Mambrino Dudley, 2.30½, and he by Woodford Mambrino, 2.21½; sire of Abbotsford, 2.19½, Pancoast, 2.21½, and others that have beaten 2.30. Pancoast is the sire of Patron, the wonderful three-year-old, that last fall trotted in 2.19½. The dam of Al Dudley was by Almont. Surely St. Albans and vicinity is favored in having this finely bred animal to breed to, and his services should be in demand.

In Insolvency—Notice of Second Meeting.

STATE OF MAINE—Kennebec ss: Court of Insolvency. In the cases of Geo. T. Haley of Gardiner, K. M. Clark of China, and John A. Studley of Windsor, Insolvent Debtors.

This is to give notice that pursuant to an order of Court thereof, a second meeting of the creditors of said Insolvents Debtors will be held at Probate Court room in Augusta, in said county, on Monday, the twenty-second day of February next, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, for the purposes named in Section 43, Chapter 70 of Revised Statutes.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.

Augusta, Jan. 25, 1886. 2412

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

THOMAS S. BENSON, Guardian of Henry Cutler of Sidney in said county, having applied for license to sell the following real estate of said ward, viz.: One undivided half of the house lot in said Sidney, with the buildings thereon, in the said town of Sidney:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said license should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

J. G. SMITH, Administrator on the estate of GEORGE H. LITTLEFIELD late of Augusta in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of February next in the Maine Farmer a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of DAVID STILSON, late of Hamilton, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JOHN J. FULLER, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March, 1886.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JAMES BICKFORD, late of Belgrade, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

THOMAS S. BENSON, Guardian of Sidney W. Blake of Belgrade, in said county, having applied for license to sell the following real estate of said ward, viz.: One undivided half of the house lot in said Belgrade, with the buildings thereon, in the said town of Belgrade:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of February next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 12*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of January, 1886.*

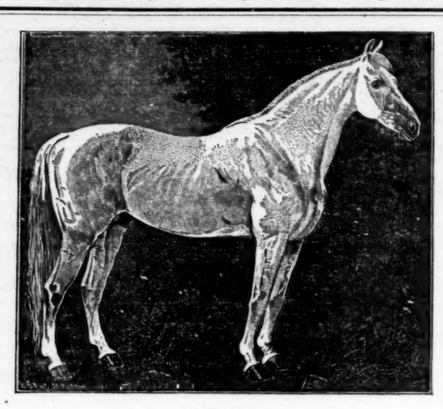
THE MAINE FARMER, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY BADGER & MANLEY. OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET, Within two doors of the bridge.

TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance, FREE OF POSTAGE. IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, $0.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.00 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS: C. S. ATES, J. W. KELLOGG, J. H. PRATT.



GIDEON.

GIDEON. (Imported Messenger. — Mambrino; Dam by Imported Sour Crout. — Abdallah; Son of Imported Messenger. — Amazonia)

Ryadyk's Hambletonian. (Imported Bellfounder. — Chas. Kent Mare; One Eye: Hambletonian (Imported Messenger. — Phenomenal, by Imported Messenger. — Silvertail; Dam Unknown.); Engineer (Imported Messenger. — Unknown.); Engineer, 2d (Dam by Plato: Imported Messenger. — Dam Unknown.); Young Engineer (Unknown.))

Dandy (Commander (Imported Messenger. — Unknown.); Dam (Dam by Imported Light Infantry. — Hunter Mare, by Imported Messenger.))

For the Maine Farmer.

Polish Wheat.

Mr. D. W. Campbell of Cherryfield, sent a few kernels of wheat to the editor of the *Farmer* for identification, and he referred it to me. Not recognizing it from the kernel alone, I wrote to Mr. Campbell for some of the heads which he kindly sent me, and thus gave the means of determining it to be Polish wheat (*Triticum Polonicum.*) The history of the introduction of this wheat, as given by Mr. Campbell, is rather interesting. A man passing through Stanley, N. B., about forty miles above Fredericton, gave a few kernels which he said he had taken from the crop of a wild goose, to a man in that place who sowed it, and the following year sent five kernels to a man in Cherryfield, as a new thing for trial. The wheat does not seem to give entire satisfaction in Cherryfield, as it does not fill out, and very few of the heads are perfect, the grain at the end being pinched and shrunken. It was thought that under the right conditions it must be very productive, as some of the first kernels planted in very rich ground, produced as many as forty stalks, five or six feet high, and with a large, well filled head. Out of four bushels carried to the mill, about four quarts was too large to go through the upper sieve of the separator. Mr. Campbell did not send me any of these large ones, the largest of those sent are half an inch long, but comparatively slim. Mr. C. says in his letter that the flour has a yellow tinge, but several of those who have made it into bread pronounce it to be "very sweet and better than flour made from Lost Nation or White Russian wheat." It has been raised thus far only on one farm, and that lying on a hillside, it is not easy to try it this season, and get others in different localities to experiment with it. This is undoubtedly the proper thing to do, and as Mr. C. has charge of the flour mill he will see that it is manufactured into flour in the best possible manner, and we shall watch with interest for the results. Polish wheat is successfully cultivated in southern Europe, and seems to require a warm climate. It is also cultivated to some extent in Dakota and Montana, under the name of Montana rye, and is said to be very hardy and prolific, but it is claimed that it does not make the best flour. If it does well on all the reports obtained, it would seem desirable to give it a trial and test its capabilities in our climate. I would suggest that it be sown in a loose, rich soil in the spring, place early in the spring, and if it proves successful and the "bread makers" of Cherryfield have correctly stated its qualities, the "bread winners" of the State will be thankful for this addition to the staff of life. C. H. FERNALD.

State College, Orono.

For the Maine Farmer.

Old Methods Obsolete.

When, in the course of human events, it became necessary for a people to establish a new order of things, it was not brought about by simple wishing for such, but by action, by sacrifice, and by a united, determined purpose to achieve the change so ardently desired, and, as all know, after the conflict and the many obstacles that appeared almost impossible to human effort, American liberty was the result. In the course of human events, revolutions are always taking place. This is but an old saying of no force or novelty, else old methods become obsolete and must be given up. Conditions become such that the old way needs to be changed, old habits must be overcome, and better ways of doing things sought after, and found in their stead. This is brought most forcibly to us just now when all our farm products are selling at low prices. We are passing through what is called hard times, yet it may, and I have no doubt but it will, prove a blessing to the farmers of the country. We are brought face to face with a problem that we have to solve, and that is how can our present condition, to this cause: For the past two decades, improved machinery and better methods of farming so generally practiced, together with the immense areas of new and fertile land has been brought under cultivation, that to the extent that farm products sell for less than cost of production, there is an over production, and the only way to meet it is to produce for a less cost, and while it may demand the best thoughts, and call forth the entire energies of men, the solution will be found, and the agony over with. It may not be an easy thing to do. It were not well that it be so. Good sailors are not made by always sailing on smooth and sunny seas, nor good soldiers under the enervating influence of every day life, nor do we look for men of the best stamina who idle away life in luxury and ease, but among those whose energies have been put to the test, whose nerves have been toughened, and whose brains have become strong in the encounter with the duties and difficulties of life. While we are actively and intelligently seeking for a way, and there are the farmers of Maine] may know for a certainty where his losses occur and where he receives his gains. This being the case it isn't necessary to conduct operations in a knowledge of results, and be compelled to guess at the results; for guess work, even at its best, is misleading.

With more study, with a better understanding of applied business principles, there would also be a better appreciation of our advantages. We should not so often hear the expression, "farming don't pay." There would not be so many decrying the condition of our agriculture, and looking with longing eyes to the "far west," ever ready to heed the advice of Horace Greeley, "go west young man! Go west!" Believing that Maine has advantages equal to, and in many cases superior to those of the west, even when viewed from an agricultural standpoint, we think it best to give a reliable source of knowledge in all the varied departments of farm industry. Then, we repeat, study! And if, by chance, any desire information in regard to your ways and methods, let us hope, for the sake of those who desire to learn, that you will not be compelled to answer, "just as it happens."

Monroe.

E. C. DOW.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Explanation.

From the *Maine Farmer* of Feb. 4th, under Dr. Bailey's article, "A Week in Kentucky," in speaking of the Short horns at Woodburn Farm and their produce, we clip the following:

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Feb. 18, 1886.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞ Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

FRIEND J. H. PRATT will call upon our subscribers in Somerset County during February.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Piscataquis County during February.

C. S. AVER will call on our subscribers in York county during February.

The wife of President Cheney of Bates College, was stricken with paralysis, Sunday, and lies in a critical condition.

The Red Beach Plaster company, of Calais, last year manufactured 55,000 barrels of plaster, the largest product ever turned out by them in one season.

Mr. Lewis B. Smith, who has been connected with the Portland custom house for twenty-five years, has been promoted to the place made vacant by the death of Deputy Collector Moulton.

At a meeting of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan, Wednesday, including the executive committee, it was voted unanimously to hold the next annual regimental reunion at Skowhegan.

Hiram Sibley & Co., the well known seedsmen of Rochester, N. Y., issue a pretty little souvenir of their beautiful city. Their annual catalogue of seeds gives valuable information to those wishing for pure seeds.

Cable quotations for American apples in the Liverpool market, Monday, put the price of good Baldwin apples from America at from 10 to 12 shillings per barrel. The market is quiet, and the demand not heavy.

During the recent visit of the Maine delegation at Boston, Hon. Fred Atwood had on exhibition a magnificent collection of Aroostook grain. Messrs. Loring, Needham, Noyes and other experts who examined the grain, paid it a high compliment. It is hard to beat Aroostook.

The term at the State College began last week with an unusually large number of the students back. Several of the students are still engaged in teaching and have not yet returned. There are seven new members of the Freshman class and one Senior. A change in the college government is being agitated.

A Bingham (Mass.) dispatch says that social circles there are surprised by the announcement of the engagement of ex-Gov. Long of Massachusetts, formerly of Maine, to Miss Agnace Pierce of Attleboro. Mr. Long is a widower. His wife was wealthy, and left him a fortune, of which he has the use during his life. The funds are in the hands of trustees, and all the ex-Governor has to do is to draw the interest.

Vick's Floral Guide, for 1886, is published, and is a number to be proud of. The handsome pictorial cover is in soft gray, buff, blue and white. The book has two colored plates, and in addition to all the varied matter relating to practical flower and vegetable gardening, has a fine collection of stories, poetry, essays and contributions worth ten times the cost of the book. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

When Philip D. Armour, the Chicago cattle king, was asked by a reporter the other day the secret of his success, he answered, "I always made it a principle when the Almighty wasn't on my side to get on H's." The pay roll at his works amounts to $3,000,000 a year, and he slaughters annually over 1,000,000 hogs, 300,000 cattle and 45,000 sheep. He is noted in Chicago for unostentatious charity.

The city of Bath gives notice that the city bonds issued in aid of the Knox and Lincoln railroad and due in 1891 are to be "retired" at once. There are 6 per cent. bonds, and the holders will be paid in cash, or may take, if they choose, 4 per cent. bonds at par. Coupons falling due on the 1st of March will not be paid unless presented with the bonds for exchange or payment. The purpose is to save a third of the interest during the next five years. This will be an annual saving of about $5,000, for five years.

The Congress of the National Trotting Association continued its session in Chicago, Thursday. The committee appointed to choose a board of review for 1886 reported through Gen. Tilton, chairman, as follows: Eastern division, George M. Stearns of Chicopee, Mass.; John Shephard of Boston; Morgan G. Buckley of Hartford. Atlantic division, David Bonner of New York; Paul H. Hacke, of Pittsburg; Elias Wilkinson of New York. The following officers were elected: President, James Grant of Davenport; Vice Presidents, Gen. W. S. Tilton of Maine; Edmund Mortimer of St. Louis.

Encourage in every possible way meetings for social intercourse in villages and towns the year round. An interchange of views broadens the mind; a general acquaintance knits members of the same community closer together to further their best interests; we are in the world not to live apart, but to aid and help one another. In a farming country this is especially true, where houses are scattered far apart and men and women are steadily occupied from morning to night. Have as many social gatherings as can be devised and all will be the better for it and there will be fewer suicides from "despondency" or low spirits.

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1886, is a very handsome and complete catalogue of garden, farm and flower seeds, bulbs, plants, thoroughbred livestock and fancy poultry. It contains 128 pages, two colored plates, hundreds of illustrations, and is beautifully bound in an illuminated cover. It contains much information of value to every farmer and gardner, and will be sent, free, on application to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the well known seedsmen of Philadelphia, Pa. Those interested in seeds or thoroughbred stock would do well to send to the publishers above mentioned, for Burpee's Farm Annual, free. It is magnificently illustrated, and is a perfect gem.

The editor of the *Ellsworth American* has been rambling through this region, and writes to his paper: "At Augusta is the State House, and on the east side of the river are the Arsenal and accompanying buildings, all of "massive masonry." Of the arsenal grounds and their belongings we have vivid and not altogether pleasant recollections; for there, encamped in cotton tents, with a single blanket with which to "wrap the drapery of our couch about us," we were encamped with the Thirteenth Maine Regiment, from June 5, 1861 to Feb. 18, 1862. We spent the long nights of that bitterly cold Kennebec winter, shivering under our scanty bedclothes, and when we broke camp and left the State, our neighbor, the Legislature, was still engaged in discussing the question whether or not the State should give us an extra blanket."

Last year's fire losses in this country were considerable less than those of the year before, and less than the average of recent years. But this year has begun badly in this respect. The losses for January were two millions in excess of the average for that month. Twelve million dollars is the amount reported for the last month. This is a heavy tax upon the country, and by the system of fire insurance it is quite uniformly distributed, so that it does not fall altogether or chiefly upon those whose carelessness or fraud is the cause of it. How much of the fire loss is caused by fraud is, of course, unknown, but underwriters, we believe, think that the proportion is larger than is generally supposed. A very large share of the honest losses is doubtless due to gross carelessness, either in the immediate conditions which caused the fire, or in the character of the buildings which permit the fire to spread rapidly, and render the extinguishment of it difficult. In a diagram sent to this office, showing the primary causes of fires in the incendiarism covers more than one-third the space.

The Boys Who Saved the Nation.

The men of Maine who carried the muskets in the Union cause, composing the Grand Army of the Republic, met at Skowhegan last week. During the four years of the civil war Maine sent to the front thirty-one regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, one regiment of heavy artillery, and seven batteries of light artillery, besides many men included in other organizations. These, with the recruits constantly sent to reinforce the ranks in the field, and the naval enlistments, made an aggregate of 71,588 men, more than one-tenth of the population of the State, and the bravest and most promising portion of its youth. At the Encampment last week it was reported that in the 147 posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in the department of Maine, there are over 11,000 men. But this list does not embrace all the living soldiers. Some do not belong to the organization; many more are in other States or in other climes. The dead lie in eight hundred and forty-eight cemeteries in Maine. Seven thousand and nine hundred of their graves were decorated on the 30th of last May; and on the same day eighty funeral orations were delivered to their surviving comrades. But these are not all the dead. Over eight thousand of those who went out during the war perished either on the battle field or from wounds and disease; and most of them lie in unknown or distant graves. Some, though probably few, lie in unmarked graves in their own State. The poverty which clouded their closing days denied them even the marks whereby their comrades might find their resting places. But as their numbers grow less the nation appreciates them more. The rewards of the government and the sympathy of comrades are doing more each year for the aged veteran. In Maine last year the veterans of Maine raised and expended for the relief of their comrades more than six thousand dollars.

On Wednesday at Skowhegan, the committee on credentials reported 11 Post Department Commanders, 373 Past Post Commanders, and 204 delegates present, a total of 588 entitled to seats. The report was accepted. Commander J. A. Hall then delivered his address. He referred to the Soldiers' Home at Bath, and said legislation was needed to overcome difficulties in the way of placing children in the homes of good families and making them heirs. The reports of Inspector Nickerson and Chaplain Howard were received. Col. Burbank of Saco, presented resolutions on the death of Gen. McClellan; Gov. Rice on the death of Gen. Hancock; and resolutions were passed on the death of Gen. Grant. A resolution of respect was also adopted on the death of Past Commander W. B. Smith of Portland.

The executive committee of the 19th National Encampment presented the following report through the treasurer, Gov. Robie:

Receipts.	
From G. A. R. Posts	$1,305.00
" State of Maine	10,000.00
" Citizens of Portland	5,459.75
" City of Portland	5,000.00
" Returns on Railroads	1,771.25
Other Sources	133.70
Total	$25,669.87

The amount received from the G. A. R. Posts has been refunded.

The executive committee of the National Encampment reported to the department that about $500 will remain after paying all bills, and the treasurer was instructed to turn it over to the Military and Naval Orphan Asylum at Bath.

Following are the delegates elected to the 20th annual National Encampment, G. A. R., in San Francisco, Cal., to be held in August:

Delegates at Large—Gov. Frederic Robie.

Delegates—W. C. Clayton, C. S. Emerson, Seth Sadler, J. A. Morton, E. A. Thompson, T. G. Libby, William Sawyer, J. M. Haines, and Benjamin Page.

Alternates—L. D. Carver, A. E. Fernald, W. H. Wells, A. W. Fletcher, G. H. Bowman, C. E. Ames, G. H. Allen, R. M. Johnson, H. A. Dexter, and Channing.

Following is the Council of Administration of the Department of Maine:

H. O. Perry, Fort Kent; J. H. Fletcher, Bangor; J. S. Douglass, Augusta; A. S. Black, Searsport; Sewall Littlefield, Winthrop.

Officers were elected as follows:

Commander—Capt. Samuel W. Lane, Augusta.
Senior Vice Commander—Capt. Joseph Lamb, Belfast.
Junior Vice Commander—Chas. F. Cleveland.
Chaplain—Rev. Q. H. Shinn, Deering.
Medical Director—W. S. Howe, Lewiston.

These officers were installed. It was decided to hold the department meeting next year in Bath.

In the evening occurred a grand campfire at the Pavilion, where six hundred plates were laid, and there was room for numerous spectators. The ladies had prepared a very nice soldiers' supper, consisting of baked beans, brown bread, coffee, and lots of *et cateras* that helped out on the more substantial bill of fare. The ladies of the enterprising town entered into this part of the programme with zeal that bespoke their hearty interest in the veteran soldier, and all that pertains to his comfort and enjoyment. The comrades from this vicinity all speak in the highest terms of praise of the interest manifested by the people of Skowhegan, who never do things by the halves. After the *ménu* had been attended to, came "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," Col. A. W. Wildes officiating as toastmaster. Numerous toasts were responded to by prominent gentlemen.

THE NEW COMMANDER. At the annual encampment of the department of Maine, G. A. R., held in Skowhegan, last week, Capt. Samuel W. Lane of this city, was unanimously elected Commander of the Department, his name being very handsomely presented by Gen. Connor. Capt. Lane will make a splendid executive officer, will do honor to the position, and meet the highest expectations of his comrades. From an acquaintance with Capt. Lane, covering a point of more than twenty years, we have learned how thorough, impartial and straightforward he is in everything he undertakes; and these qualities he will bring to the discharge of the duties of his new position. Capt. Lane has an army and civic record of which he may well be proud. He enlisted as private in 1861, in the 1st Me. Cavalry. Subsequently served in 1862, 1863 and a part of 1864, in the 11th Me. on the non-commissioned staff, and was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, in Co. D. In February 1864 was promoted to captain of the 25th U. S. colored troops. He never had a leave of absence during his term of service until he broke down in service in Florida, and was sent home disabled, and mustered out. Capt. Lane has been a resident of Augusta since 1865; he has held many municipal offices, serving the city as auditor for many years; member of the school committee; as city treasurer and collector, in which capacity he never had a superior, and as a member of the board of Aldermen for the past three years, being now chairman of the board. He was two years assistant secretary of the Senate, and ten years secretary, being elected each year without opposition. At the present time he is editor-in-chief at Mr. E. C. Allen's large publishing establishment, a position which he fills in a most able manner. Commander Lane has been connected with the G. A. R. from its organization. He has established headquarters at Augusta, and re-appointed L. B. Hill of Augusta, Assistant Adjutant General. He has issued General Order No. 1, in which he says:

"Gratefully acknowledging my obligation to the comrades of the Department for the high honor conferred upon me, I congratulate them upon the prosperous and harmonious condition of the Department, manifested so signally in all the deliberations of the encampment. I trust that the same cordial cooperation which has ever encouraged and sustained the Department officers will continue with unabated zeal. I earnestly hope that all errors of omission and commission will be noticed only in a spirit of fraternity, quietly hidden from sight and memory under the mantle of charity, while the Grand Army of the Republic shall stimulate all to renewed efforts until there shall be no soldier or sailor who wears the blue, within the limits of the Department, who does not belong to the Grand Army."

FARMERS' INSTITUTES. The Farmers' Institute for Knox county is called to be held at Megunticook Hall, Camden, Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1886 with the following programme:

Forenoon. Importance of Stock Husbandry, by J. M. Deering, York.

Afternoon, Management of County Fairs, paper by S. L. Holbrook, Sagadahoc, followed by the Secretary of the Board.

Evening. Farm Accounts and how to Keep Them, by Prof. Walter Balentine, State College, and a paper on Poultry by Dr. G. M. Twitchell of the *Farmer*.

The Institute for Lincoln county is to be at Grand Army Hall, North Whitefield, Friday, Feb. 26, with a full programme.

Burial of Gen. Hancock.

Funeral rites over the remains of the late Gen. W. S. Hancock, took place on Saturday, at Trinity church, New York. The guard of honor drew up in front of the late General's mansion on Governor's Island. In the meantime Mrs. Hancock took final farewell of her husband's remains. She was greatly affected. The coffin lid was then put in its place, and a laurel wreath from the military order of the Loyal Legion was laid upon it. The coffin was taken from the house by six soldiers upon a black cloth-covered bier. The detachment of troops drawn up outside then moved down the path to the steamer, which received the body and the party. On reaching the wharf, at 9 A. M., the coffin was placed in the hearse by the eight soldiers. The hearse was drawn by four horses. Four companies of the Fifth Artillery preceded the coffin, and were drawn up in line on the street, while the pall bearers stood with uncovered heads. As the coffin passed, with a flag wrapped around it, the troops broke into a column of companies, and the pall bearers entered the carriages and followed them. After the hearse came a long line of carriages with the family and friends, and representatives from the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, the society of the Army of the Potomac, Phil Kearney Post No. 8, George Washington Post, and Winfield Scott Hancock Post, just organized, all under command of Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall. Crowds stood in the streets during the pelting rain, to get a glimpse of the procession. It was 1 o'clock when Trinity church was reached. The pall bearers who followed the remains into the church were many distinguished gentlemen and fellow officers with the deceased. The edifice bore no traces of mourning save a white cross on a black ground, which rested upon the pulpit. Various floral gifts were tastefully arranged at the altar rails, and the interstices on the reading desk were filled with small floral designs.

The booming of cannon and the tolling of church bells announced the arrival of the cortege. Sexton Brown preceded Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix and Rev. E. H. C. Goodwin down the main aisle to the front door, where the casket and pall bearers were. The procession moved along the main aisle to the altar, the clergymen in front of the casket, and immediately behind them General Sherman and Secretary of State Bayard. As they wended their way to the chancel the words "I am the resurrection and the life," which came from the minister's lips, were distinctly heard throughout the structure. After the four gentlemen same eight stalwart soldiers bearing the casket, and on either side of them marched the other pall bearers. On the top of the casket were Gen. Hancock's sword in its gold scabbard and his major general's chapeau.

The casket was deposited on the catafalque. The choir chanted "Lord, let me know my end," after which Rev. E. H. C. Goodwin of Governor's Island, read a selection from the first epistle to the Corinthians. The choir then sang "Rock of Ages," and then gathered around the coffin, where Craft's burial service was rendered in an impressive manner. The anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was sung by a quartette. Rev. Dr. Dix then read the Lord's prayer.

The funeral procession then re-formed, and to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul," marched down the aisle to the main entrance, where the casket was once more placed in the hearse. The funeral procession then returned to the barge office, where Hancock was in waiting to convey the funeral party to Jersey City, whence a special train conveyed the party to Norristown, Pa.

The train bearing the remains arrived at Norristown at 2.30 P. M., and was met by a reception committee at the depot. The hearse with eight plumes, drawn by two black horses, conveyed the body to the tomb. All public and private buildings were heavily draped, as was nearly every private residence. There were no services at the grave except a military salute. The casket was deposited in the vault, the soldiers fired a volley, and the hero was at rest forever.

Horatio Seymour.

Hon. Horatio Seymour, the eminent democratic statesman, died at his home in Utica, N. Y., on Thursday night. During the last two weeks he had had periods of indisposition, but not of a serious nature. During the last few days, however, prior to his death, the attacks had been most severe, the patient being unconscious most of the time and indicating a breaking down of his system.

Horatio Seymour, LL. D., was born in Onondaga county, New York, May 31, 1810. He was educated at Geneva College and studied law, but soon abandoned practice, devoting himself to the care of the large estates left by his father and father-in-law. In 1841 he was elected to the State legislature and was reëlected three times, being speaker in 1845. He was elected mayor of Utica in 1842, and governor of the State in 1852, but was defeated for reëlection in 1854. In 1862 he was again elected governor on the democratic candidate. At the expiration of his term he retired to private life, and was not again a candidate for public honors till July, 1868, when he was nominated as the democratic candidate for President, being defeated by Gen. Grant. In 1874 he was tendered the nomination for U. S. Senator, and would have been elected as his party was in power in that State then, but he declined the honor, and since that time has positively declined all nominations for public office. His only publications are a few State papers and many public addresses, mostly on agricultural topics. Since retiring to private life, the most of his time has been spent in the pleasant retirement of his farm at Deerfield, where the veteran statesman continued to the last to receive constant proofs of the good will of his fellow citizens from all over the country. In times of a crisis, like that of 1876-77, his advice was eagerly sought by his party, and his counsels commanded a respectful hearing by republicans as well as democrats. His end was quiet and peaceful, having lived the allotted "three score years and ten." In his death the democratic party has lost one of its most able and courageous leaders, and the nation an eminent statesman.

Mr. Ellery Channing Bartlett, formerly of Maine, died recently in Southern California, where he went for the benefit of his health, aged 45 years. He was born in Bangor, and was the son of Mr. Wm. Bartlett, now of Aroostook county. His early life was spent in Litchfield, in Kennebec county, and he has a large number of relatives there. He fitted himself for the profession of a stenographer, and was an expert in that line. He was the first shorthand reporter ever employed by the Maine House, his reports being published in the *Kennebec Journal*. Afterwards he was connected with Pinkerton's celebrated detective agency and was private secretary for Secretaries of the Treasury Chase and Richardson. He went to Europe on business connected with the Treasury Department, remaining there one summer. He was a versatile writer, and by his gentlemanly manner and spirits greatly endeared himself to hosts of friends, who are pained at his departure. He leaves a wife and three children.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. "Please publish the true standard weight of grain and vegetables. F. W. B."

The standard weight of a bushel of potatoes in good order and fit for shipping is 60 lbs..; a barrel, 165 lbs.; of apples, 44 lbs. to a bushel; of wheat, 60 lbs.; of corn, 56 lbs.; of barley and buckwheat, 48 lbs.; of carrots, 50 lbs.; of onions, 52 lbs.; of ruta baga, sugar beets, mangel-wurzel, and turnip beets in good condition, 60 lbs.; of English turnips in like condition, 50 lbs.; of beans, 60 lbs.; of peas, 60 lbs.; of rye and Indian meal, 50 lbs.; of oats, 30 lbs.

DRAIN TILE. Which is the best kind of drain tile, and what does it cost, and where is the best place to buy it? Please answer and oblige. JAMES A. BRYANT.

Thorndike.

Messrs. Ward & Cogan of Augusta, two doors south of the *Farmer* office, are the agents for the Portland Stone Ware Co., and will give our correspondent any information he desires.

Seth Meserve, who lives upon a farm in Dayton, owns a heifer which he is very proud of, and well may be. The animal is four years old, of the Durham breed, and girths six feet and seven inches, and, although she calved two months ago, produces daily 18 quarts of milk.

Floods in New England.

The heavy rainfall of Friday and Saturday last, produced disastrous results throughout New England. The warm weather that followed set free a volume of water by the thawing of ice and snow, which resulted in the flooding of streets and dwellings, the filling of cellars, the washing away of bridges and mills, and other serious inconveniences. The daily papers are filled with listings of various degrees and kinds of damage occasioned in this way, the loss of which amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Ruin and desolation were apparent in the Roxbury District, Boston. On Saturday, all the low lands bounded on the east by Cabot street and Shawmut avenue, extending as far north as Sterling street, and on the west by high land back of Parker street, were under water—in some instances four or five feet deep, and where Stony Brook strikes the rubber factory the water rushed along at a rate of four miles an hour. Along Culvert street the water was over the first floor, and residents who had not vacated were encamped on the second floors. Communication with many houses was impossible except by means of boats and rafts. The moulding shop of B. F. Anthony was flooded, and much valuable machinery ruined. The Whittier machine shops could be reached only by rafts, and all work was suspended, the water being at least two feet deep in the boiler room. The damage will be heavy, as much of the machinery in course of construction and valuable tools will be rendered worthless. Many small wooden tenements in this locality occupied by mechanics are completely wrecked, together with their contents.

In Madison Park district the damage will reach into hundreds of thousands of dollars. The buildings here consist of valuable marble and brick front edifices, including two apartment houses, one of which, the Westminster Hotel, will be completely wrecked. It is not unlikely that several of the finest buildings will be permanently injured. Madison Park, which was only laid out last summer at a large expense, is a lake of dirty water two feet deep. The Highland Rink is damaged to the extent of many thousands of dollars, and innumerable cellars are flooded.

The Assabet river at Hudson has overflowed, carrying away a large number of bridges and doing a large amount of damage to other property. Work in the factories is suspended, and travel on railroads stopped. The early inward train on the Central Massachusetts road, from Waltham, met with an accident near the Clematis Brook station in that city Saturday morning, which narrowly escaped resulting in the loss of many lives. The train was made up of the locomotive Cloud, a combination car and a passenger car, and was in charge of Conductor Clark. Just after leaving the Clematis Brook station, as the train was ploughing through the water in the fog and dark, the engineer felt his engine begin to settle beneath him as it was crossing the bridge which spans the brook at this point, and he had just time to push the throttle hard in, call to his fireman, and with him jump from the cab into the water, when the locomotive went over and down the slight embankment into about six feet of water. Both men were compelled to swim to the Fitchburg track in order to get out. The tender went down with the engine and the front truck of the baggage car was derailed, and the end of the car went partly down the bank. The passenger car, however, did not leave the track. The fireman was injured slightly, but the engineer escaped without a scratch.

Residents of the flooded districts in Boston, navigated the streets in boats and on rafts. Many large buildings were undermined and permanently injured. Numerous small tenement houses occupied by factory operatives have been totally wrecked, occupants in many instances losing all of their possessions. Indeed, as a matter of fact, many people went to bed and to sleep Saturday night without any idea of what was coming, and in not a few instances were awakened by the police coming in their boats to their bedroom windows and rescuing them when the water was well up on the bedposts. Many families were taken from their houses to places of safety, while those who remained were as a rule camped on the upper floors of their dwellings. One life was lost, that of an infant drowned in its cradle. The estimate of the loss to the Boston Belting Company is $25,000.

On Sunday the water began to rise again. The whole territory bounded by Texas avenue, Cunard street, Shawmut avenue and Tremont street was inundated, and the adjacent territory for miles around was threatened with a similar fate. The channel of the flood appeared to be through King, Simmons and Vernon streets. Here it divided. One portion rushed with wonderful velocity through Culvert street, inundating the neighborhood of the Boston & Providence depot. Another volume of water poured with frightful speed down Hampshire street to Ruggles square. Here the main artery seemed to be Cabot street, where the water fairly boiled until it reached Tremont street, where it played sad havoc with cellars. At the intersection of Tremont and Cabot streets there is an immense square. This was covered to the depth of three inches. The force of the flood seemed to be at its height when it reached Vernon street.

The seething, unrestrained mass of water was bowling along at a speed of not less than sixteen miles an hour. A portion of the street was completely washed away, while fences, doors, in fact everything of a movable nature, was carried along with the rushing torrent. The force of the current was so great that it was impossible for the police to render any assistance whatever to the unfortunate denizens of the locality. The water in some places was three to four feet above the second story windows. The police received notice of several buildings that were in a dangerous condition. They were completely undermined and ready to fall over at any moment. The police were doing their utmost to rescue the imperiled. At the junction of Ruggles, Cabot and Hampshire streets, the ground had given way to the extent of 20 feet in circumference, through which the water poured, creating a suction that made it impossible to cross either street. Here the water was up to one's thighs and was rising rapidly. The residents of this locality looked on the scene first as a big joke, and laughed. Later they wore blanched faces, and worked with might to save themselves and their property. The down grade over which the torrent was pressing, was nearly three feet to the mile, and the rushing waters had strong play in consequence. They were beating down every barrier before them. Foundation walls were crumbling fast, brick sidewalks were rapidly disappearing. It was seemingly, only a question of time when the houses that were checking the flood in places would give way. The strain was tremendous. Piece by piece the frame dwellings were coming apart. Such of the logs as were available were seized, lashed together and formed into rafts, on which furniture, bedding and other articles intended for household purposes, were transferred to dry land. Rafts were at a premium. Fences, outhouses, everything of a floatable nature, were grasped with eagerness by the unfortunates. All the boats sent to the scene of the inundation by the harbor police were used for conveying food to those in distress.

The flood in the Roxbury district had practically ended Tuesday morning, and Stony brook was able to carry off the surplus water. All the water that remained was found in cellars, vacant hollows and low-lying streets. The damage in town is very great and the expense of repairing highways this spring will be the largest ever known for many years. The loss to several of the Massachusetts railroad corporations will be the greatest caused for a long time by water. The loss on the regular passenger traffic between important cities and terminal points will be considerable.

The damage by floods and freshets in Providence and throughout Rhode Island was almost unprecedented. Mill dams and bridges have been swept away on almost every stream, and in some instances the damage is very heavy. Houses on the low land in the rear of Providence were completely isolated, and wood piles floating over the place, etc. At 7 o'clock Saturday, the Harrisville dam gave away, and the ice tore the side and lower end of a building out.

At Geneva the Woodville dam has gone, and the mill office has been washed away. The Corliss engine is moved from its foundation, and much machinery washed away or damaged to the value of $40,000 or $50,000. The dam at Wakefield has given away, flooding the lower floors of mills and carrying away the bridge.

From the Central Falls line to the Pawtucket line, the river overflowed its bank, the water running into windows of buildings above the bridge. The dam at Dyerville has gone, add at Allendale is shaky, as are those at Enfield and Greystone. The condition of railroads is unparalleled. On none is there any communication.

Providence and Worcester have doubtless suffered most. The boiler house, engine house and buildings on the southeast side of the river are all under water. Providence and Springfield bridge near Oakland, and those at Dyerville and Centerdale are down. The water poured in torrents through some of the streets, and several small buildings have been carried off.

Down Blackstone valley as far as Woonsocket more or less damage is reported from every village. At Millville the entire population turned out to prevent the water overflowing the banks of the canal and flooding the Lawrence felting mill and Woonsocket Rubber Company's works and to save bridges.

The Barney reservoir at Saylesville, which supplies the Sayles bleacheries gave away Saturday morning, though men were working all night in the endeavor to relieve the pressure. The first rush of water was so tremendous that a fireman and an engineer had a desperate struggle for life, the latter, a single man named Pinkington, was washed away and drowned, and the other barely escaped by clinging to a floating freight car. Three large boilers were carried off, with much cloth stock. A long stretch of the Moshasued railroad was washed away, and the store house of Loraine mill filled with wool and cotton was thouroughly flooded.

The Silverhook bridge at Pawtucket has been carried away and the new stone bridge is in danger. Many houses were flooded. The water swept away the Wausuck dam at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, taking about 100 feet of the bank. It demolished the engine house and undermined the side of the mill office to such an extent it was necessary to cut down a portion of the office in order to save the building. The lower weave shop of the Lonsdale mills at Pheuix was flooded, as was also the card room and lower weave shop of the Lippitt Co. The Clyde bridge is gone. It is estimated that the loss will not be less than $20,000. In the houses of D. S. Tillinghurst. John F. Miller, Mrs. Phœbe Payson and Mr. Fenner the water entered the windows, and the inmates were removed in boats. Sunday night the water subsided.

At Norwich, Conn., the flood exceeded the memorable freshet of 1876. Not only were the wharves submerged, but the lower streets were converted into rivers. The gas works and electric light station were inundated, and the streets were in utter darkness Saturday night. The waters, however, receded Sunday. The damages thereabouts will exceed a quarter of a million dollars. The ice in the Connecticut river broke up Tuesday noon, and the water began to subside at once. The dam at Greenville, costing 875,000, was carried away Tuesday afternoon. This disaster removes the source of supply for all the mills in this village and deprives many hundreds of people of employment for an indefinite time.

At Taunton, Mass., every bridge within the city limits was taken away, except the one at the lunatic asylum. It is believed that the loss to business firms, railroad companies, mill owners, towns and individuals in Norwich and vicinity will aggregate a quarter of a million dollars. If the break in the Greenville dam is as great as reported, it will throw from 3,000 to 5,000 people out of employment. At Jewett City 700 persons are rendered idle.

The breaking up of the ice in the Mohawk and above Troy, N. Y. in the Hudson, dammed the water at Albany, N. Y., to a great extent, and that portion of the city below Broadway was entirely submerged. Below the city of Albany the ice remains firm. The "drowned lands" beginning in Orange county, New York, and extending into Sussex county, New Jersey, are overflowed by the Wallkill river to a greater depth than in years before. Miles of roads are submerged and impassible.

Great excitement prevailed at Haverhill, Mass., Monday morning, the waters of the Merrimac having reached a height not equaled for many years. Places of business along the river front were closed, the basements flooded and the engines in several buildings could not run. Two large tenement houses and a large stable on River street were underminded and fell with a crash. A part of Thomas' hat factory and the Coöperative hat factory were carried away. Many small buildings along the river are being carried off by the flood. Lumber yards are flooded, and thousands of dollars worth of lumber is in the river. Little river has broken away from its bounds, and is undermining Washington square, the whole square caving in. The large wharves at the Branford paper mill and Taylor, Goodwin & Co.'s coal yard are badly damaged. T. J. Taylor's coal sheds are swept away. All along Little river, buildings are flooded and business suspended. It is impossible to correctly estimate the damage at present, but it will foot up over $100,000. The turbulent waters subsided Tuesday morning.

As in most of the calamities that visit other parts of the country, Maine had only the fag-end of the flood, with but little damage thus far reported. The rise of water on the Kennebec caused a suspension of the little ice business that was being done. Ice in the vicinity of Skowhegan broke up, but did not come down river. The Machias river is open to navigation, the ice having gone out. There are very high freshets and lumbermen's work is suspended. The ice has not yet left the Sandy river. Damage is confined to the flooding of cellars. No damage on the Penobscot. There was a heavy rise on all the rivers, and sleighing throughout the State was practically ruined.

KENNEBEC LOG DRIVING CO. The annual meeting of this company, in Augusta, Tuesday, drew a large number of lumbermen to the city. The clerk, D. C. Palmer of Gardiner, read the minutes of the last meeting which were accepted.

Elias Milliken was chosen moderator.

The treasurer, Wm. Philbrick, presented his report for the year ending Feb. 16, 1886, it being printed in pamphlet form.

Voted, That a sufficient sum of money be raised to drive the logs and pay expenses.

Voted, That the directors make such improvements on the river by blasting rocks, etc., as they may see fit.

Voted, That the directors be instructed to take charge of the prize logs and junk commonly called "wood," and dispose of the same for the best interests of the company.

Voted, That the directors be authorized to appoint such agents to examine rafts, mills and places where they may think proper at Bingham, Madison Bridge, Somerset Boom, Fairfield, and one additional man to be placed below the Gardiner and Pittston bridge to prevent depredations on the logs.

The directors were authorized to top out the Five Mile Island piers; also to continue the contract with the parties at the Halliwell boom for assorting and rafting the logs.

The matter of driving the logs in the river was left to the directors.

The cut of logs on the Kennebec and its tributaries the present winter will be in round numbers as nearly as can be estimated 110,000,000 feet, about 10,000,000 less than last year.

RECENT DEATHS. Dr. E. Franklin Hincks, a native of Bucksport, died at Hyde Park, Mass., Friday, aged sixty-five years. He was formerly a Methodist clergyman in Bangor.——Rev. Thomas Baldwin Thayer, D. D., formerly pastor of the Shawmut avenue Universalist Church, Boston, died on Friday, from cancer in the stomach. Dr. Thayer was born in Boston, Sept. 10, 1812. His first pastorate of eleven years was with the Universalist church in Lowell, Mass.——Rev. Jeremiah E. Pond, pastor of the Congregational church in Alfred, died there last Sunday morning, after an illness of general debility, with symptoms of paralysis, for over two months. He was the son of Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., late of Bangor. Born in Cambridgeport, Mass., June 23, 1831, he graduated at Bowdoin College and the Bangor Theological Seminary, and entered on his ministry in Neenah, Wis., in 1858. He was a very faithful and popular minister. Mr. Pond leaves a wife and five children,—two daughters, teachers in South Carolina, and three sons, the youngest a student at Phillips Academy, Andover.

Forty-Ninth Congress—First Session.

The Senate has passed the bill to regulate promotions at West Point.

The educational bill was debated at length, but no business of importance was transacted by the Senate during the week.

The House passed a bill to allow National banks to increase their capital. Congressman Dingley has presented a petition from a large number of citizens of Rockland, Deer Isle, Camden, Matinicus Isle, Maine, and Gloucester, Mass., asking for a breakwater in three sections at Matinicus and for the construction of a harbor of refuge for vessels there. Referred to the committee on rivers and harbors. He has also called the attention of the light house board to a sunken rock upon which the Cambridge was recently wrecked, and asked them to make the signal there more effective. The board promised to make an investigation.

Mr. Morrison, who has introduced a tariff bill, says it will effect an estimated reduction of $20,000,000 in revenues from customs based on the revenues of last year. The greatest reduction in any one article is in the case of sugar, where a new duty will result in a decrease of $10,000,000 in receipts. Additions to the free list will involve a loss of five and a half millions, and reductions made by the bill on other articles about five millions slight but general reductions will be made in cases of wools, duck, linen and jute, cottons, window glass, plate glass of high quality, earthenware, and China where the duty is believed to be excessive. The duty on rice, marble, castor beans and a few chemicals is also slightly reduced.

The Morrison bill makes, among other items, the following additions to the free list after July 1st, 1886: Lumber, hewn or sawed, and timber, not specially enumerated for in building wharves, timber, squared or sided, not specially enumerated or provided for, sawed boards, plank deals and other lumber of pine, white wood, ayesmouth and basswood, and all other articles of sawed lumber, hubs for wheel posts, lastblocks, wagon blocks, oar blocks, gun blocks, holding blocks and all like blocks or sticks rough, hewn or sawed only; also hay and potatoes.

Mr. James of New York, from the committee on coinage, reported adversely Bland's bill for the free coinage of silver, and it was placed on the calendar.

Mr. Bland obtained leave to file a minority report, and stated that the House would be asked to consider the bill at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Fulitzer introduced a bill granting a pension of $5000 a year to the widow of the late General Hancock.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER CAMBRIDGE. The steamer Cambridge, of the Bangor and Boston line, Capt. Otis Ingraham, went ashore on "Old Man's" ledge off George's Island, at 4.45 o'clock Wednesday morning. She immediately heeled to starboard and commenced to fill. The best of order was preserved, and in a short time all the passengers were transferred to boats, and landed on George's Island. The cutter Dallas and several small vessels went to the scene of the disaster, but the boat is a total loss, having gone to pieces. The best of order prevailed and no lives were lost. The weather was pleasant and the sea smooth, or else there would have been loss of life. The steamer was heavily laden with freight, and this of course is all lost. The total loss cannot be far from $200,000. The Cambridge was valued at $150,000; insured for $50,000. At the time of the disaster, Capt. William Rogers, first pilot, was in charge. Capt. Rogers has run this course constantly since a boy, and for the past twenty-five years in the employ of this company. He is known as one of the most careful, experienced and trustworthy pilots on the Eastern coast, and no man ranks higher. He says he steered the usual course from Seguin, and was at the window looking forward when the steamer struck, going about 12 knots an hour. The cannot account for being so far out of his course, and there seems to be no sufficient excuse offered for the accident. Capt. Ingraham says "I have no theory for the cause of the disaster. No man in the world knows the course better than Capt. Rogers and he is in every way trustworthy." The "Old Man," where the accident occurred, is a small, rocky, granite ledge marked by a can buoy and barely covered by water at a low tide, lying two miles outside George's Island and inside Monhegan, about thirty miles from Rockland. With the exception of the gulf of Mexico, Kennebec there is no more dangerous locality on the coast of Maine than the approaches to Penobscot bay. The many ledges between George's Island and Thatcher's Head, combined with the strength of the tides in that vicinity, make the western approach, the course of the Bangor and Boston boats, particularly dangerous. The fact that this company has never before had a loss adds only a testimony to the sk

Items of Maine News.

Diphtheria is raging in Parkman, and two or three deaths are reported.

It is reported in the Boston papers that Mr. Frank D. Pullen of Bangor, clothing dealer, has failed with $60,000 liabilities.

The will of the late Joseph Insley, Portland, leaves $1,000 to the Maine General Hospital, and $500 to the Home for Aged Women.

A boy about fifteen years old named Nichols broke his leg in two places while sliding on Hammond street, Bangor, Wednesday night.

The prohibitory party men held a meeting in Portland, and nominated Geo. C. Littlefield candidate for mayor, and a full ticket for city officers.

It is proposed to have a public meeting of the citizens of Calais, to see what they mean to do about the construction of the Shore Line Railroad.

At Bangor, Tuesday, Samuel Gress, Jr., for larceny, sentenced to three years in the State prison; William K. Garret, for larceny, similar sentence.

The large ice houses building by the Maine Ice Company at Boothbay, and nearly completed, were blown down in the gale Tuesday.

The Fort Popham Association filled their ice houses last week, in four days, with 6000 tons of excellent ice. It is 17 inches thick and very clear.

The dedication of the new Piscataquis county Court House at Dover will occur to-day, (Thursday.) It will be quite a joyous event to the legal fraternity and others of Piscataquis.

James Cota of Winn, has two cub bears male and female, and only about two weeks old. They were captured in Woodville, three miles from Winn. The mother bear was killed.

While Rev. O. H. Fernald of S. W. Harbor, was standing on a sled, the horse started quickly, throwing him off with such force as to break his collar bone; he is doing well, suffering but little.

Business at the spool factory at Weld, is very lively. The mill is running day and night, sawing the next year's stock of lumber and making spools. They expect to use 1500 cords this year.

Capt. Joseph A. Brewer, master of a small fishing schooner, was before the court at Portland, Saturday, charged with having 59 short lobsters in his possession, and fined $50 and costs.

The many friends of Prof. and Mrs. G. H. Hamlin of the State College, will be most pained to learn of the death of their infant daughter, at scarce over, which occurred late Saturday afternoon. Following as it does so closely upon the death of their oldest son, it falls with almost crushing weight upon them.

Thomas Romeo left his home in Biddeford, Monday night, in charge of his aged father and three small children. In playing around a table the baby overturned a lamp, which exploded, throwing burning oil over the other children. Joseph, aged four years, was so badly burned that he cannot live. The others were badly injured.

A sad accident happened to E. L. Mitchell of Shirley, Tuesday of last week. While on the scaffold in his barn pitching down straw, he made a misstep and fell to the barn floor, coming in contact with a cart body before he struck, breaking his right shoulder. He has suffered greatly since the accident.

H. Purington's provision store on Front street, Bath, was entered Saturday noon, and a window in the rear, while Mr. Purington was at dinner, and a small sum of money and several pieces of meat were stolen. Mr. Purington, on returning from dinner, could not get in the front door—hole as the thief had stopped it up with a piece of wood. The thief is not known.

In a Milo family of nine children three are deaf mutes. One of them, a daughter, 25 years of age, was educated at Hartford, married a deaf mute, and has three children, all of whom can talk as well as any children of their age. The two others are a son of 18, now at school in Hartford, and a girl of 12 at home. Both parents believe the liability to deaf mutes and the antecedents of both families are noted as being a very hardy people, and as far back as can be traced show no defect of the kind.

In the recent meeting at Norridgewock, the vote to exempt from taxation for ten years any increase in the valuation of the Dodlin Granite Co.'s property, was unanimous. The prospects now are favorable for forming a stock company with a capital of 100,000. Western capitalists will be largely interested. Col. I. S. Bangs of Waterville is working up the matter. If the undertaking works as now planned, the company will build large sheds and boarding-houses. They intend to employ from 50 to 100 men at the start and increase according to the demands of the business.

The citizens of Hartland held a railroad meeting recently, for the purpose of considering the importance of a railroad from Pittsfield to Hartland. Archibald Linn presided, and made some very important suggestions on the subject. A committee consisting of Messrs. Linn, Shaw, Fuller, Moore and Bradbury, were appointed to correspond with several interested parties and fully investigate the matter. The people intend that the road shall be built and extended to the Lake by Harmony and Cambridge, if the citizens of other towns respond liberally.

At Grand Lake Stream, Feb. 3d, Herbert Hanscom, aged about 18 years, in passing through the head's room of the tannery, slipped and fell into one of the leaches, which had just been filled with boiling water. He was carrying a lantern and light at the time, which came in contact with the steam and darkness, (it being about 6 o'clock in the morning) when he made the fatal misstep. His father reached and drew him out as far as he could, and held him till help arrived. He was then taken over the dam was literally boiled, so that it almost came off. He was carried to his home, but lived only a few minutes after his wounds were dressed.

The following postmasters have been appointed: South Thomaston, H. S. Sweetland, in place of H. S. Sweetland, who has resigned; South Carthage, S. C. Morse, in place of W. V. Tainter, who has been removed; Burlington, E. E. Church, in place of Mrs. Bridgham, resigned; Cumberland Center, Miss Mellie H. McCollister, in place of Everett L. Blanchard, who has resigned; Benedicta, J. D. Doyle, in place of John Curran, who has resigned; Bingham, F. C. Dinsmore, in place of Willie B. Goodrich, who has resigned; Fort Kent, H. W. Nadeau, in place of I. H. Page, who has been dead, in place of I. H. Page, who has been removed; East Brownfield, S. A. Cole; Gilbertville, Geo. A. Stevens; Brownfield, R. Dinscott, vice Mr. Bean, removed; North Falmouth, Miss E. E. Emery; Sweden, C. W. Bennett; West Falmouth, A. S. Noyes.

Items of General News.

Diphtheria continues at Newmarket, N. H. In the last 21 days 19 deaths have occured from this disease.

Hothouse strawberries sell for $5 a quart in New York and black Hamburg grapes for $5 a pound.

The elegant ice palace used in the St. Paul, Minn., carnival, is rapidly melting away in the mild weather prevailing there.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a resolution to abolish the poll tax as a pre-requisite to voting, by a vote of 177 to 50.

About 3000 pounds of dynamite cartridges have been confiscated by the city authorities of New York, having been stored in a shed at the new aqueduct works.

Surgeon Austin of the Marine Hospital service, has been investigating the smallpox scare on the border of Vermont and reports that there is no danger at present.

At Bangor, Tuesday, Samuel Gress, Jr., for larceny, sentenced to three years in the State prison; William K. Garret, for larceny, similar sentence.

George Q. Cannon, the notorious Mormon, is charged with treason, polygamy, bribery and conspiracy at Salt Lake City, Utah. Bail fixed at $10,000.

It is thought the Hancock fund at New York will soon reach $50,000. The four Vanderbilt brothers on Monday contributed $1000 each.

While addressing an audience in Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, John B. Gough, the distinguished temperance advocate, was stricken with paralysis, and is in a dying condition.

The employés of the St. Croix cotton mill have resumed work on precisely the same terms as before the strike, but the managers have agreed not to make a reduction in wages.

A curious coincidence in connection with the death of General Hancock, is that the prescribed term of mourning for General Grant ordered in the army expired on the same day.

The stories of wholesale destruction of the Florida orange crop are denied by the press of that State and a careful canvass of Florida shows that in the orange growing districts no material damage has been done.

Wales Doolittle, Bethany, Ct., wood chopper, assaulted William Ford, his hired man, and pounded him until he was dead, Wednesday. Doolittle is in jail, and Bethany people threaten to lynch him at the first opportunity.

In the Supreme Court at East Cambridge, Mass., Saturday, Charles Hayes, the colored man who was arrested in Portland, for the murder of Matilda Robinson, was sentenced to the State prison for life at hard labor, one day to be solitary confinement.

Almost at the same hour on Monday that young John K. Randall shot himself in Baltimore his father died in St. Elizabeth's Asylum for the insane. He was a retired army surgeon, and was 81 years old. Father and son were buried together at their old home, Annapolis.

Great preparations are going on in Cohahuilla, Mexico, for the inauguration on the recently elected civil governor, General Gazo Golon. After a term of over a year and a half under military rule the State of Cohahuilla will be turned over by the military governor general, Ceroantes, to the civil government.

The trial of Justus W. Baldwin, administrator, vs. the Grand Trunk Railroad, brought to recover $10,000 for causing the death of Ira S. Waldron of Newmarket, which was in progress before the Supreme Court for Coos county in Colebrook, N. H., for several days, has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for $3000.

The commitments to the State Prison in Massachusetts for 1885 were 124; in 1885, 139. It is said that if the crime of the State shall continue to be as it has been for the past few months, it is safe to estimate that the commitments for the coming year will be from 120 to 140 per year. The sentences to the State Prison are also increasing in length.

The strike at Manchester, N. H., has turned to a lockout, and the gates of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co.'s are closed to its 5,500 employés. The company advanced their prices, but it was not sufficient to please the employés. The operatives in the other corporations remain at work, but in case of a strike among them a general lockout all around is looked for.

James Ehle, wife, father and three children, and a Mrs. Kinney, perished by the burning of Ehle's residence in the western part of the town of Greenbush, Wis., at an early hour Tuesday morning. As the hired man alone escaped, and he is known to be a vicious character, it is thought the fire is the result of revengeful or malicious incendiarism. The remains of some of the family have been taken from the ruins.

At the meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion at Cincinnati on Tuesday Commander Sherman and Lew Wallace were admitted to membership and received with immense enthusiasm. At the banquet ex-President R. B. Hayes, who is the commander, paid a beautiful tribute to General Hancock. The death of the latter leaves General Hayes the senior officer of the order.

Wallace Ross is going to accept the challenge of Mathewson, the Australian sculler to row a race for $5000. Ross says that the race cannot take place until after August, when he and Fred Plaisted will attempt to run the Whirlpool rapids at Niagara. The maker of the boat in which the attempt is to be made will give $5000 if the feat is accomplished, and a big purse will be added by men whose names Ross will not give.

The club stable belonging to the Meadow Brook Hunt at East Meadows, Hempstead, L. I., was burned about 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. The flames were discovered by the stable boy, and assistance from help. Every effort was made to save the 24 valuable horse stabled therein, without avail. The building was valued at $7,000 and was insured. The greatest loss is that of the horses burned for which were valued at $30,000.

Hopkinton Savings Bank, in Providence, R. I., suspended payment on Wednesday on account of the excessive withdrawals and a run on the bank by depositors, although its condition was supposed to be good. The capital stock of the bank, according to the last annual statement was $221,500.73, which appears to have been judiciously invested in mortgages on real estate, stocks, and bonds. The amount loaned on personal security was on $20,916.

Now that the floods in Massachusetts and Rhode Island are subsiding, some account of the losses can be had. Boston proposes to raise $25,000 for the relief of sufferers. Property losses in Rhode Island are held at $1,000,000, and in eastern Connecticut at $250,000. $20,000 at Waterbury, $15,000 at Quincy, $30,000 to $50,000 at Bridgewater, and $70,000 at Fall River, are among other figures. The loss in Boston cannot yet be told.

The passenger train leaving Boston at 4.15 P. M., and the passenger train which left Lowell at 6.30 P. M., on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, collided Friday night at the junction of the Wilmington branch with the main line. The engines of both trains were wrecked and the combination and Pullman car of the down train were badly smashed. The engineer of the down train had one leg torn off and will probably die, while one passenger was fatally injured. About a dozen passengers of the east bound train were more or less injured.

Sadie Santore, aged 12, was shot and probably fatally injured by John W. Rocks, aged thirteen, at Short Beach, New Haven, last Monday afternoon. They were schoolmates and the girl went over to the boy's home to play. Rocks claims it was accidental, while the girl after gaining consciousness, says Rocks followed her up stairs saying, "Now I've got you," and fired, shattering her left arm, the shot entering her side. The doctor says she will lose her left arm and the chances are against her recovery.

The funeral of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour took place from Old Trinity church, Utica, N. Y., Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Goodrich of Calvary Church officed prayer at Senator Roscoe Conkling's residence, with the family and relatives of the deceased, at 1.30 P. M. After the funeral services in the church, the remains were taken to Forest Hill Cemetery and placed in the Chapel of Roses, where sculptor David Richards of New York took a cast of the face, preparatory to making a marble bust of the ex-governor. At 9 o'clock A. M. the doors of Senator Conkling's mansion were thrown open for the public to view the remains of the illustrious dead.

At the sixth annual national convention of the American Agricultural Association opened at the Grand Central Hotel, New York, Tuesday, and was presided over by President Joseph H. Reed of Boston. After made the opening address, calling attention to the fact that the present is the most important convention that the association has ever held, inasmuch as many subjects of more than usual interest to farmers were to be discussed. He mentioned incidentally the bogus butter question, which is causing so much loss to the country, and warned all that a determined move must be made to crush the manufacture of oleomargarine. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the bill introduced in Congress providing for additional signal stations and telegraphs, also the bill providing $15,000 per annum for each state to maintain agricultural experiment stations. A committee of five was appointed to go to Washington to urge the passage of these bills.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged the best preparation for cure of lung complaints.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for biliousness. One is a dose.

Maine Agricultural News.

—The next session of Aroostook county Pomona Grange will be holden at Grange Hall in Fort Fairfield, Saturday, Feb. 27th. The following are officers elect to be installed:

Master—J. W. Dudley.
Overseer—Ezra McLaughlin.
Lecturer—E. Wiggin.
Steward—Cyrus Chase.
Assistant Steward—Allie Hardison.
Chaplain—G. M. Park.
Treasurer—Jacob Hardison.
Secretary—H. C. Townsend.
Gate Keeper—Joshua Damon.
Pomona—Mrs. J. W. Dudley.
Ceres—Mrs. Ezra McLaughlin.
Flora—Mrs. Sara Smith.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Sadie L. Holt.

—The Lincoln Agricultural Society voted Wednesday, unanimously to purchase the Damariscotta driving park for permanent fair grounds.

—Last week the Patrons of Husbandry in Brooklin, hauled the store of John Staples, which they have recently purchased, from his place to the "Corner," arriving in time to partake of the bountiful repast prepared at the Town hall at the dinner hour of 12 M. promptly. The store will not be occupied until some time next summer.

—Surry farmers are anxious to secure large quantities of "mussle-bed" for their farms, and a number of them are talking of banding together and ordering a digger from Prince Edward Island. Mussle-bed is found to be invaluable as a fertilizer.

—The shipments of Aroostook potatoes to Boston Market during last winter were considered immense, but this year they are being exceeded by quite a large amount.

—The rangers of Northern Aroostook have decided to send their potatoes to a Boston commission merchant, and have chosen agents to do their shipping.

—The annual meeting of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society was held in Skowhegan Saturday, the 6th inst. Meeting called to order by the President, R. B. Shepherd. Elected J. M. Arnold Secretary *pro tem.* A. R. Bixby presented his report as Treasurer. Voted that the report of the Treasurer be accepted and placed on file. Voted to proceed to the election of officers. President, R. B. Shepherd; 1st Vice President, H. S. Steward; 2d Vice President, Isaac Dyer; Secretary, A. R. Smiley; Treasurer, A. R. Bixby. Voted that the chair appoint a committee of three to nominate a board of three trustees. Horace Beale, Judson Packard and Warren Russell were appointed as that committee, who reported the names of A. Crawford, Jr., C. A. Marston and H. S. Steward. Voted that the President and Trustees shall appoint such additional trustees as they may see fit. Alexander Crawford, Jr., C. A. Marston, H. S. Steward; Chas. Barker, Athens; B. F. Hilton, Starks; Geo. Flint, Anson; Fifield Mitchell, Canaan; Jonas Parker, Norridgewock; W. B. Haydon, Madison; L. B. Paine, Fairfield; Moses French, Solon; Chandler Baker, Bingham; Charles H. Allen, Mercer, as Trustees for the ensuing year. Elected Alexander Crawford, Jr., C. A. Marston and H. S. Steward as standing committee. Voted that the annual fair shall commence on Tuesday the week following the State Fair at Lewiston. Voted that the premium list shall be issued in May. Voted that A. B. Bixby, Superintendent, J. M. Arnold and Geo. E. Goodwin, assistants, shall take charge of the hall exhibition.

Items and Incidents.

Manchester, Eng., has recently concluded to bring the sea to her doors through a canal thirty-five miles long, to cost $40,000,000.

Purify Your Blood.

Among spring preparations, do not neglect that which is most important of all —your own body. During the winter the blood becomes impure, which, if it is not expelled, are liable to break out in scrofula or other disease. The best spring medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels every impurity from the blood, and gives strength to every function of the body. Sold by all druggists.

Wild dogs are doing much damage near the head of Wind river, Washington Territory. They seem to be a cross between the cur and the bulldog, and are very fierce, powerful and intelligent. Their last exploit was to chase a man and his team three miles. They have increased largely in numbers in a few years.

"Quinsy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once." Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich.

NEVER NEGLECT a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood, and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters.

The Mormons expect to complete their great temple at Salt Lake City in about two years. Its cost will be $3,000,000.

Impure Soda or Saleratus is usually of a slightly dingy white color; it may appear white examined by itself, but a comparison with Church & Co.'s Arm & Hammer Brand will show the difference.

With what scorn Daniel Boone and Col. Bowie would now regard old Kentucky. Her Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of pistols and bowie knives.

Why suffer with Piles, when you can obtain instant relief and be permanently cured by such a simple and infallible remedy as "ANAKESIS?" Samples sent *free*. Address "ANAKESIS," P. O. Box 1965, New York.

Gen. Pope will soon be retired. The death of Gen. Hancock will probably result in the early promotion of both Gen. Howard and Gen. Terry.

Those sharp pains in the small of the back and around the hips will quickly go after you apply a *Hop Plaster*. Ladies, pay attention to this. 25c.

It is announced that the New Orleans exposition will close March 31. As few are aware that there is an exposition left from the financial wreck the announcement is not exciting.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin, etc. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

It is proposed that the literary men who submit lists of books for others to read should test the books by a previous perusal. This is a severe reflection upon the reading habits of literary men.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is especially useful for children's diseases as it acts both as a food and medicine. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Have you heard of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm. It is really wonderful how rapidly it cures Coughing, Throat and Lung Troubles.

Catarrh and Bronchitis.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and restored him to health. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Ryan & Co., 117 East 13th St. New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 10t&eow

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, MASS., Feb. 16, 1886.

Names of Droves.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
W. W. Hall,	30	00	10
John Litchfield,	28	00	00
Gilnes & Weston,	12	00	00
F. H. Cooledge & Son,	20	00	20
J. F. Lowry,	5	00	6
I. C. Libby & Son,	31	00	25
Weller & Libby,	10	00	00

Floods and railroad washouts have interferred with everything, even to the shipment of live cattle and dressed beef to such an extent that what few beef cattle were exposed for sale were taken by butchers at ¼ cent advance, live weight, from last quotation. Not many cattle from Maine brought 8 cents dressed weight, none sold above.

SALES.

W. W. Hall sold 12 oxen at 5¼ cents live, that weighed 1600 lbs., equal to 7¾ cents dressed weight. Gilnes & Weston sold 6 oxen, weighing 1650 lbs. each, at 5¼ cents live. J. G. Littlefield sold 20 oxen for 7@8 cents dressed weight. F. H. Cooledge sold a carload of cows at $35, $42, $45, $50 and $60 per head. J. F. Lowry sold 5 good new milch cows at $60 each, and 5 cents live. Weller & Libby sold one choice Dutch new milks cow at $50, warranted to milk 16 qts. per day. I. C. Libby sold a pair of working oxen, girth 7 feet, 6 years old, weighing 3000 lbs., market is higher; natives 2 25@5 15; Western at 3 50@4 50; Texans 2 00@4 00; Lambs per head 3 75@5 50.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.

United States Bonds, 3's,	(reg.)	102½
" " New 4½	(reg.)	111¾
" "	(coup.)	112¾
" " New 4's	(reg.	125½
" "	(coup.)	125½
" " Pacific 6's	'95	126¾

Wool Market.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16.

The market has been quiet but prices of domestic are firm and unchanged. In foreign there has been a fair trade, with considerable Australian and Montevideo selling to arrive.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Feb. 16.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 332, Sheep and Lambs 3,300, Horses 80, number of Western Cattle 332, Swine 12,350.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs live weight—Extra quality $5 75 @ 6 00; first quality $5 25 @ 5 62½; second quality 4 12½ @ 5 12½; third quality 3 50@ 4 00; poorest grades of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c, $3 00@3 37½.

Brighton Hides 7c per lb; Brighton Tallow 4½c per lb; Country Hides 6½@6¾c per lb; Country Tallow 2½c per lb; Calf Skins 10c per lb; Sheep and Lamb Skins 1 25c@1 50 each.

Cattle cost higher at the West the past week, but the call for them here has been inactive for butchers' Cattle, only a few loads having been brought in during the past week. The heavy freshets during the latter part of the week damaged the railroad tracks of the Boston and Albany Road badly that Cattle which were shipped out of Albany yesterday were sent back again, as the roads had not been put in a suitable condition for heavy trains to go over them, but it is probable that trains will get through all right with live stock for the market to-morrow. As there had been but a few sales effected we did not get any sales to publish to-day.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Those from the West were all owned by butchers, Sheep costing from 4@4½c and Lambs 6½@6¾c per lb. live weight landed at the yards.

SWINE. Western Fat Hogs are costing landed at the slaughter houses from 4½@4 5½c per lb., live weight. In our number we include all the Western Fat Hogs brought into market over the several railroads for the week past.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Feb. 16.

FLOUR. There is a steady market for flour and prices show no material change. The sales are still in small lots, and larger lines could only be placed at concessions. Spring wheat patents are offered at $5 25@5 75; and winter wheat patents at $5 15@3 50 per bbl. Michigan Flour is quiet at $4 50@4 60 for stone ground, and $4 75@5 00 for rollers. Ohio, Indiana, St. Louis and Illinois rollers are selling at $4 85@5 25, and New York at $4 75 @5 00 per bbl. Western common extras have sold at $3 60@3 85; western superfine $3 10 @3 35; medium extras at $3 90@4 15; and choice extras at $4 10@4 25 per bbl. Corn Meal is unchanged at $2 25@2 30 per bbl. Oat meal at $4 50@4 75 for fine, and $3@ 5 25 for cut. Rye Flour at $3 25@3 75 per bbl.

GRAIN. Corn is quite firm but been quiet. Sales of Steamer Yellow have been made at 51½c, steamer mixed at 50½@51c, and no grade ranges from 49@50¾c per bush, as to quality. Oats have been quiet No 1 white and barley 44@45½; No 2 at 43@; No 3 white at 42@43, and mixed at 39@42 per bush as to quality. Bran is selling at $18 @ for spring, and $18 50@18 75 for winter; Fine Feed and Middlings at $18@ 21; Cotton Seed Meal at $25 on spot and $23 to arrive.

PROVISIONS. For Pork there is a steady demand and firm, with old mess at $10 75 @11, and new at $12; extra prime at $9 50 @10; and clear and backs at $12 50@ 13 50 per bbl. Beef is steady and in demand, with sales of mess and extra at $8 50@10, and plate and family at $10 50@12 00 per bbl. Lard is in fair demand at 6½@6¾c per lb. Smoked Hams at 9½@10c per lb, as to quality and size.

PRODUCE. Butter has ruled steady and for fine grades there is a good demand. We quote sales of extra Northern creamery at 28 @29c, choice at 24@26c, and good to choice at 18@23c per lb. Western creamery at 32@33c for extra, 27@30c for choice, and 15@22c for good to choice. Extra Northern dairies at 26@27c, and choice at 22 @19c; Western dairy at 18@22c for choice, and 10@15c for fair to good; imitation creamery at 24@26c for extra, and 15@20c for good to choice. Cheese is quiet and steady and we quote extra at 10@ 10¼c, choice at 9@9½c, and common to good at 5@8c per lb. Eggs are lower, but at the close firmer, with sales of extra Eastern at 31½@32c, fancy at 25c, New York and Vermont at 20½@21c, Western at 20@21c per doz. Beans are steady and quiet, and we quote Vermont at $1 75@ 1 80; New York at $1 80@1 85; New medium at $1 50 per bush, including hand-picked. Canada Peas are selling in small lots at 85c@$1 00 per bush. Potatoes are in steady demand and we quote Rose at 55@60c, Hebrons 55@60c per bush, and sweet at $2 50@2 75 per bbl. Dried Apples are quiet and sales of evaporated at 7@8c per lb. Green Apples continue quiet on a basis of $1 50@2 00 per bbl. Poultry is easy, with sales of choice Turkeys at 14@15c, and Chickens at 13@16c per lb.

HAY. The market has been dull, with sales of choice Eastern and Northern at $18@19, and medium at $15@17 per ton. Rye Straw is dull at $10@20 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17.

APPLES—$1 25@1 50 per bbl.; dried, 4@ 5c per lb.; evaporated 7@8c per lb.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 50@1 60; Yellow Eyes $1 50@1 65.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 16@18c; Ball Butter 22@24c.

Cheese—9¼@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—18c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 50; Patent 7 00@7 50.

GRAIN—Corn 60@62c; oats 40@45; barley 75c. Rye $1 00.

HAY—$15 00@17 00.

STRAW—Loose $6@7; pressed $6@$10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook 16@18c.

HIDES AND SKINS—No hides over 90 lbs, 7—c; bulls and stags, 5c; calf skins, 10c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $2 00.

LARD—Pure 8¾@7; Dom. 7¼@8c.

MEAL—Corn 60@65; rye 85@90.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 60c per bu; cabbages, 1½c per lb; squash, 3c per lb; turnips, 40c per bushel; beets, 40c per bu.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork 9½@7c; beef per side 8@8½c; ham 9@9½c; fowls 8@10c; lambs 6c; mutton 4@5c; veal 7@8c; chickens 12@14c; Turkeys 16 @18c; round hog 5¾@6c.

SHORTS—1¼c per lb.

Eggs are in very moderate request. The mutton market is firmer from a shorter supply. Poultry is very dull and lower. Butter is quiet and firm. Fair to fine potatoes are in good movement. Beef is more firmly held. Whole pork remains unchanged.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17.

APPLES—Per barrel, $2 00@2 50; No. 1 Baldwins and Greenings $1 50@1 75; evaporated, 8@11c; dried Western, 3½@4¾; do sliced, 4¼@6c.

BUTTER—8@20 for choice family; Vermont, 21@23c per lb; creamery, 24@25c.

BEANS—Pea, $1 75@1 85; Yellow Eyes, $1 40@1 65.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, new, 10@11¼c; N. Y. Factory, 10@11½c

COAL—Stove and Egg, $5 50@6 00.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3 25@3 50; Spring X and XX, $4 25@4 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $4 75@5 00; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 50; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 00.

FISH—Cod Shore, $3 25@3 50; bank, $3 00@3 25; scaled herring per box, 14@ 18c; Mackerel per bbl, Shore No 1, $19 00@ 21 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots, 51@52; oats, 41@42c; cotton seed, car lots, $23 00@ 24 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $24 00@25 00; sacked bran, car lots, $20 00@21 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $21 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $19 50@23 00; middlings, bag lots, $20 00@23 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@6¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@6¾c; pail, 7@7¾c.

PROVISIONS—Chickens, 12@15c; Turkeys, 16@17c; Fowl, 10@12c; eggs, 18@ 20c; potatoes, 70c per bush; extra beef, $10 00@10 50; pork backs, $13 00@13 50; clear, $12 50@12 75; hams, 9½@10c; covered, 1½@11½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17.

APPLES—per barrel, $1 00@1 50.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $1 35@1 40 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $1 70@1 75.

BUTTER—Best, 21@22c. per lb.; fair to good, 17@17c.; good, 19@20c. per lb.

EGGS—17c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats, 38@40c per bush; corn, 60@61c.

HAY—$13@16 per ton; best bales, $14@ 16.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 45 @50c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog per lb., 5@6c.; chickens, 12@15c.; fowl per lb., 8@12c; Turkeys 15@18.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16.

CATTLE—Receipts, 5900 head; shipments, 1600; lower; shipping steers, $3 60@5 70; stockers and feeders at $2 80@4 30; cows, bulls and mixed, $1 75 @ 4 25.

HOGS—Receipts, 17,000 head; shipments, 6000 head; lower; rough and mixed at $3 85@4 15; packing and shipping, 4 20@4 50; light at —; skips at $2 80@ 3 50.

SHEEP—Receipts, 2900; shipments, 1000; market is higher; natives 2 25@5 15; Western at 3 50@4 50; Texans 2 00@4 00; Lambs per head 3 75@5 50.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.

United States Bonds, 3's,	(reg.)	102½
" " New 4½	(reg.)	111¾
" "	(coup.)	112¾
" " New 4's	(reg.	125½
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" " Pacific 6's	'95	126¾

Wool Market.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16.

The market has been quiet but prices of domestic are firm and unchanged. In foreign there has been a fair trade, with considerable Australian and Montevideo selling to arrive.

Know Thyself by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

"A cool soil is what oats delight in; and this grain "may be not in on corn stubble without plowing by "using the 'ACME' Pulverizing Harrow, Clod "Crusher & Leveler. Its use will enable the farmer "to sow oats from ten days to two weeks earlier "than he would until the soil is dry enough to plow, "and ten days saved may easily double the crop of "oats or spring wheat."
See advertisement on page 3d.

Married.

In Bangor, Feb. 9, Ernest E. Ellis to Marcia L. Varney, both of Bangor.

In Buckfield, Feb. 1, James Harlow to Birdie Shaw, both of Buckfield.

In Belfast, Feb. 3, Symeo P. Gilman to Flora A. Thomas, both of Belfast.

In Bridgton, Feb. 5, Chas. S. Bicknell to Rebecca Hunt, both of Bridgton.

In Blaine, Feb. 6, Rufus E. Lowell to Mary A. W. Smith, both of Blaine.

In Chesterville, Feb. 6, William H. Riggs to Clara M. Warren, both of Jay.

In Orland, Feb. 6, Francis A. Bowden to Azalia H. Marks, both of Orland.

In Oakland, Feb. 7, Sumner Soule to Lucy A. Furbush.

In Phillips, Feb. 4, Herbert F. Libby to Flora M. Hawes, both of Portland.

In Portland, Feb. 8, Gustaf Heldzier to Annie Eliason, both of Portland.

In Penobscot, Feb. 8, Edwin J. Grindal to Mrs. Flora Grindal, both of Penobscot.

In Stow, Feb. 8, Joseph McKeen to Flora Johnson; Feb. 8, Joseph Wiley to Cassie Johnson.

In Dixfield, Feb. 6, Josiah Frenchto Nelson, to May E. Merrill of Moscow.

In Bangor, Feb. 9, A. J. Edward Walton to Carrie M. Williamson, both of Mercer.

In Tremont, Dec. 22, Watson L. Thurston to Phebe M. Mesdiffie, both of Tremont; Dec. 31, Elmer E. Smallidge of Mt. Desert, to Louisa L. Lawler of Tremont; Jan. 26, Wm. H. Davis of Augusta, to Mrs. Minnie M. Richardson of Mt. Desert.

In Vinalhaven, Jan. 24, H. E. Colman to Minnie Doyle, both of Vinalhaven; Jan. 28, Fred J. Carver to Louisa Jennings, both of Vinalhaven; Jan. 29, James Carlisle to Cora Lane, both of Vinalhaven.

In West's Mills, Feb. 6, Henry E. Hodgkins of Chesterville, to Sarah E. Norton of Industry.

In Woolwich, Feb. 7, Charles H. Hunnewell to Myra E. Carlton.

In West Hampden, Feb. 9, George B. Varney to Flora S. Abbott, both of Hampden.

In Boston, Feb. 9, Wm. H. Reed, Esq., of Boston, to Mrs. Ada A. Swett of Weld.

Died.

In this city, Feb. 6, Geo. F. Sawyer, aged 55 years.

In Baring, N. B., Feb. 6, Sidney C. Spinney, aged 19 years.

In Brooklin, Jan. 25, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Prescott Eaton, aged 56 years, 6 months; Jan. 28, Mrs. Jennie Judge, aged 22 years.

In Brewer, Feb. 10, Francis R. Leavens, aged 80 years.

In Belfast, Feb. 5, Earnest Cottrell, aged 25 years, 8 months; Feb. 9, Mary, wife of Benj. Cook, aged 66 years, 6 months.

In Bangor, Feb. 10, Michael O'Neil, aged 80 years; Feb. 9, Mrs. Dolly C., wife of Daniel Holman, aged 72 years; Feb. 9, Sewell Inman, aged 28 years, 9 months; Feb. 8, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late Richmond Hayward, aged 76 years, 4 months; Feb. 6, Elizabeth Jones, wife of John Lonigan, aged 34 years; Feb. 6, Lester Webb, aged 57 years, 4 months.

In Bath, Feb. 4, Mrs. Hannah J. Gatchell, widow of the late Wilson H. Gatchell, aged 57 years, 11 months; Feb. 8, Eliza, wife of James M. Houghton, aged 29 years; Feb. 5, William Parsons, aged 61 years; Feb. 5, Alfred King, Jr., son of Alfred and Emma M. King, aged 3 months, 25 days.

In Portland, Feb. 5, Mary J., wife of Noble, aged 73 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 3, Joseph Bailey of Portland, aged 72 years, 4 months.

In Buckfield, Jan. 13, Mrs. Miranda P. Witt, aged 73 years.

In Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 7, Joseph Insley of Portland, aged 79 years.

In Connecticut Lake, N. H., Jan. 13, Hermania O. Smith, formerly of Madrid, Me., aged about 21 years.

In Cumberland Mills, Feb. 11, Charles W. Boggs, aged 23 years, 9 months.

In Deering, Feb. 12, Mary C., widow of the late James Sawyer, aged 80 years.

In Deonys

Poetry.

Noon.

Backward we gaze upon life's finished morning,
That lies outstretched upon the fleeting past,
With here and there a joyous light adorning
The else unbroken shadows that were cast.

We see where rose our sun in all its splendor,
When youth looked from life's portal full of hope;
When hearts were full of fire, impetuous, tender,
When golden dreams unchecked had ample scope.

At life's meridian we may smile to view them,
Those wild, mercurial flights of heart and brain;
Yet to our souls confess, could we renew them,
'Twere pleasant to go back and dream again!

To see the first faint blush of morning breaking,
With dew of youth still moist upon your brow;
The first sweet breath of untried life partaking,
Ere clouds had gathered that surround us now.

Just as the zenith of the years allotted—
Should it be ours to finish life's short span—
Is on the scenes that buoyant spirits plotted,
Which youth deemed fitting for the coming man.

But now we find our dearest idols shattered
By cruel years, iconoclastic Time;
Our heroes and our heroines are scattered,
To take their nooning in some distant clime.

The dew is gone, the heat of noon has dried it;
The heavy burden of real life is ours;
To us it was Arcadia ere we tried it,
But time has wilted many fragrant flowers.

Poetic dreams will now and then o'ertake us,
Life cannot be uninterrupted prose;
The rythm of thought and rhyme of souls may wake us,
To strike some chord that brings a heart repose.

The half-way milestone at the summit reaching,
The path is plain that leads us to the crest;
Behind, experience with its wholesome teaching;
Before us, only hope of power and rest.

And yet we may have lofty aspirations
Beyond life's fixed meridian to attain;
To realize real hopes, our mid-day dreaming;
Some cherished goal to reach, some end to gain.

Down the dim path, the future, ere descending,
We cast one longing, lingering look behind;
We see the vision where joy seemed unending;
Where youth and love their hearts and hands entwined.

When earth seemed made for only endless pleasure;
When two young lives were mingled as but one;
When Heaven bestowed its one untarnished treasure,
Just as the dawn of true life had begun.

If noon is reached with morning vows unbroken,
Hearts have not aged, nor fervent love grown cold;
'Till evening comes," the still small voice hath spoken,
"The Heaven-born spark immortal grows not old."

If noon is reached through noble self-reliance,
And charity has tempered every task,
We have become proficient in life's science,
Though oft denied the doubtful good we ask.

Our Story Teller.

THE EIGHT FORTY-FIVE.

A Brighton Idyl.

Everybody outside the office of Jonathan Greysark & Co., East India merchants, of Rood Lane City, knew Mr. Jonathan Greysark simply as a very well-to-do bachelor of five-and forty—fresh faced, well dressed, genial, and affable as a man tolerably well fitted out with the good things of this life and unhampered by ties and encumbrances should he. But Phillis Penn, who for years had been employed within the office, regarded his wealthy and popular employer from a somewhat different point of view. Mr. Penn had by his steadiness and business knowledge in no small degree helped Jonathan Greysark to his enviable position in the commercial world; he had served the house faithfully for upward of twenty years, yet he was still simply a clerk, in which position, despite frequent requests and petitions, Mr. Greysark was apparently determined to keep him until the time came for dispensing entirely with his services. Altogether, poor Penn's life was by no means a happy one, for, in addition to his commercial troubles, he had an externally grinning domestic skeleton, in the shape of a black-guard brother, who had stood in the felon's dock on a charge of extensive forgery, had passed many years in prison, and who could now only be kept quietly in the background by the allowance which the unfortunate Penn made out of the exceedingly moderate salary he drew from the office in Lane office. Greysark knew this, and was also aware that a tarnished name was an almost insuperable bar to his clerk's advance in any other line of life; so he smartly took advantage of the fact by getting a most unfair amount of work out of Penn, and paying him a miserably inadequate salary for it.

Jonathan Greysark lived at Brighton, and came up to town every morning on the 8.45 express. In this famous train he had acquired from long usage a prescriptive right to a particular seat in a particular compartment of a particular carriage, and the guard suffered a considerable reduction in his weekly largesse if he allowed a stranger to usurp this place.

But, the old guard having been shunted elsewhere, and a strange official who knew not Jonathan having been substituted, it so happened that one morning Greysark, his rug on his arm and his paper in his hand, swaggered gravely up to the entrance of the carriage, only to find his particular compartment—and, in fact, his very seat—occupied. Under ordinary circumstances he would have resented this unwarrantable intrusion in no measured terms; but, even upon this occasion, as the occupant was a pretty, modestly dressed girl of eighteen or thereabouts, he could only vent his feeling in grunts and scowls, and betake himself to the next seats. But when, the next morning, he found his place similarly occupied, his position became somewhat embarrassing, and only the girl's pleasant face checked audible marks of his discontent. The same thing occurred the morning after, and the morning after that, and the young 8.45 bucks, who, of course, regarded the affair as a capital joke, remarked that the girl was getting quite cramping and raging away to another carriage, not only contentedly went into the same one, but passed a much greater part of the journey in gazing at the girl over the top of his newspaper than in studying the city article. In a fortnight's time it was observed that he handed her out, carried her little parcels, and saw her safely into an omnibus for the Mansion house; and in three weeks' time it was noted that he chatted as easily and familiarly with her as if he had known her for years.

In short, it became very evident that the wealthy bachelor of Rood Lane was enamored of the young lady. When his attentions first became marked she assumed the prim attitude of the unprotected female and conned her answers to rather curt monosyllables; but when her feminine perspicuity assured her that her admirer's behavior was inspired by the most honorable of intentions she unbent and told him that her name was Phyllis, that she was a student at the South Kensington School of Art, and that she resided at Brighton with her aunt.

"Miss Phyllis," said Greysark one morning, as they walked along the London bridge platform, "as some sort of an assurance that I only entertain the most genuine feelings of respect and admiration for you, I think I should mention that my name is Greysark, that I am the head of one of the most respected houses in the city of London, and that, as I am quite aware that an acquaintance of this sort may in nature is apt to give rise to erroneous impression in the minds of people who only judge by appearance, with your permission, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to call upon your aunt at Brighton."

At the mention of the name Greysark, the girl's color deepened somewhat, and she raised her eyes to his face for a few seconds, and said—

"I am sure that my aunt would be delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Greysark."

Accordingly, on the following Sunday, Mr. Greysark, instead of performing his usual weekly duty to society by an afternoon lounge on the Green, betook himself to Regency square, and was ushered into the presence of a smiling, gray-haired lady, who might have stepped from an ancestral picture frame, and who received him with the stately urbanity of a courtier of the old school. Being a man of business, Jonathan Greysark was not long in coming to the bush, but plunged at once *in medias res*, described the origin of his acquaintance with Phyllis, expressed himself in such happy language, that the old lady trumpet in such a pleasant, unassuming manner, declared his devotion in such fervid phrases, in fact, put matters before the old lady in such an attractive light, that she was completely won over.

"Of course, Mr. Greysark," she said in reply, "as I am only the girl's aunt, I have no direct authority in the matter. But if Phyllis regards your suit as favorably as I do, I can only congratulate her. You should address a letter to her father in London, state the case as you have stated it to me, and abide by his decision."

"But it is an extraordinary phase of our acquaintance," said the merchant, "that I do not know your niece's surname yet."

Perhaps the old lady was struck by the strangeness of this avowal, but at any rate she hesitated a moment, looked a little confused, and then replied: "Her name is Fleming, Mr. Greysark; a letter addressed to Robert Fleming and given to me will insure its safe delivery."

"But would it not be better for me to call upon Mr. Fleming myself?" said Greysark. "My business experience has taught me that one personal interview is worth a dozen letters."

"So it is, as a general rule, Mr. Greysark," replied the old lady. "But Mr. Fleming's movements are so uncertain, his business taking him so frequently away from home, that the course I have suggested would, I think, be the better."

And after a little general conversation, Mr. Greysark took his leave, resolved that he would without delay formally propose to Phyllis, and if her answer should be favorable, as he had not the slightest reason to doubt it would be, indite his letter to Mr. Fleming.

Accordingly the next morning, upon arrival at London Bridge, instead of handing Phyllis into a Mansion house omnibus, as usual, he insisted that she should walk there with him. And by the time King William's statue was reached he had poured out his soul to her, and received her ready assent to his proposal, conditional upon the approval of her father.

One or two little circumstances connected with his visit to Regency square on the previous day struck Jonathan Greysark as being curious as he sat in his room at the office playing listlessly with the heap of unopened letters before him. Of course he had observed the old lady's hesitation in giving the name of Fleming; and her suggestion that the letter should be forwarded through her instead of to a direct address was rather unusual. Perhaps Fleming was a strange sort of man—under a cloud, or of eccentric habits. At any rate Phyllis was a lady, as was her aunt; the surroundings of the rooms in Regency square showed refinement, if not opulence; and although money with a wife was no object with him, he preferred that the lady honored by his choice should not be an utter stranger to the style of life to which as Mrs. Greysark she would be introduced. But his ardent affection for the simple-minded, bright faced girl overcame whatever little shades of doubt or scruple the above strange circumstances might have awakened within him, and, after having hurriedly perused his business letters, he called Mr. Penn in, gave him instructions to show nobody into the private room for an hour, and settled himself down to indite the epistle to Mr. Fleming. After much destruction of best cream-laid note, he produced the following:

"Dear Sir: It is with no little diffidence that I address one who is a complete stranger to me upon a subject of such importance as that which now occupies my pen: but I am sure I judge you rightly when I think that you will pardon the liberty I am taking by the time you arrive at the end of the letter.

In short, I wish to obtain your consent to my marriage with your charming daughter, Phyllis. As this is to some extent a matter of business, I may inform you that I made the young lady's acquaintance in the Brighton train, which I and one of the fellow passengers daily for some weeks past; that I then obtained not only her consent to my proposal, but the entire approbation of her aunt, upon whom I had the pleasure of calling, with your daughter's permission.

For your satisfaction I may add that, although I am not a very young man, I am in full vigor of health and strength; that I am the sole and responsible head of one of the best known and most respected business houses in the city of London; and that I am in a position, which you may verify, if you please, by the most minute investigation, to maintain your daughter in a fitting position as a lady.

The entire happiness of my life, and I dare add that of your daughter's, rests upon your decision as to whether she should be my wife or not, and I implore you not to be influenced in your opinion by the somewhat peculiar circumstances under which our meeting took place, and our consequent acquaintance and intimacy were formed.

If you will kindly take a week to consider this, to me a vital question, I shall be inexpressibly obliged; and, hereby thanking you in advance for the sanction which I feel certain you will accord, I am, my dear sir, your very obedient servant.

JONATHAN GREYSARK."

Having read this letter over carefully to assure himself that he had not said too much or too little, Jonathan Greysark placed it in an envelope addressed to Robert Fleming, Esq., and that again in an envelope which he purposed to hand to the old lady at Brighton.

The week seemed interminable to the enamored Jonathan. Men remarked that he appeared absent-minded and preoccupied, but two or three of his fellow passengers by the 8.45 who were in the same train told the story of his capture by the pretty girl in the train, and so accounted for his peculiarity. He himself, however, was in a state of bliss which he had never before known. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed, and no answer from the mysterious Mr. Fleming arrived. Perhaps the old lady had forgotten to forward his missive. Old ladies, on strangely minded or long-past occurrences, were, he knew, often oblivious about matters present. Perhaps—but he shuddered at the thought and cast it from him—for Phyllis was too good, too honest, too much of a lady to be so base and cruel; on the other hand, possibly Mr. Fleming was instituting inquiries. It was natural that an affectionate father should do so, and every time Penn brought in a visitor's name the merchant expected to hear, "Mr. Robert Fleming" announced. On the Friday afternoon he called in Mr. Penn.

"Kindly shut the door," he said; "I have something of importance to speak to you about."

Mr. Penn obeyed, and anxiously inspected his employer's face.

Mr. Penn," began the merchant, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, "you have been in my service now for some years, and you have given me very general satisfaction in the performance of your duties."

Penn's face brightened. Certainly a rise in wages was coming, perhaps something more substantial. But all was dashed to the ground with the first word of the great man's next sentence.

"But," continued Greysark, "I have been thinking the matter over very seriously lately, and I have arrived at the painful conclusion that I must dispense with your services at the expiration of a month from this date."

The poor clerk gasped and clutched the table for support, and would have spoken but for a magisterial wave of Mr. Greysark's hand.

"It is very evident to me," continued his employer, "that some fresh blood is needed in this business. In fact, I propose to take a partner and by so acting to do away with the necessity of paying a handsome salary to a head clerk."

"Mr. Greysark!" almost shrieked poor Penn, "do hear me. I have helped you to make this business. I have been in this office for more than twenty years. You have never once had cause to find fault with me, and I may conscientiously say that I have never given you occasion to. For more than one reason I am precluded from the possibility of getting another situation. My name, as you know, is Penn, and people would not be slow to put on the ground that I had a brother who had been in the police dock; moreover, I am not fitted to occupy a clerk's desk in any other business. Think, sir, I implore you to think. With one word you may turn an honest man into the streets to beg, for no fault of his own. I do not wish to push myself forward unduly, Mr. Greysark, but at such a crisis as this I am forced to remind you that but for me you might possibly not have found business matters work so smoothly as they have. If you discharge me with the notion of introducing new blood into the house you will have to——"

"Mr. Penn," interrupted the merchant, with a wave of the hand, "we must, in this world, be men of business first and humanitarians afterward. I have given you here my fullest consideration, and in acknowledgement of your services, as well as by way of compensation, I propose to make you a weekly allowance until you get employment. But that point we can settle when made up my mind. You will please make no further observations upon the decision at which I have arrived, so I shall be obliged to request you to leave my presence. I think it but fair to tell you, however, that the principal reason for my deciding to take a partner is that I am going to be married—that is, when the consent of the young lady's father has been obtained."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "of all periods in life, surely the eve of marriage should most naturally inspire kind actions. You are about to make yourself as happy as a human being can possibly be, yet you wish to inaugurate that period by reducing to want and ruin an old and tried servant. I know you too well, sir—or, rather, I think too well of you—not to be sure that if you carry out this latter intention your conscience must prick you in after life."

"Mr. Penn," said Greysark severely, "I told you not to handy words with me, so let me hear no more. I am now going to Brighton. Do not omit to forward all letters to my address there. You will please be particular in this. I must say, Mr. Penn, that I am not a little astonished that, remembering, as you must, what I have done for you, and how with your tarnished name you might long ere this have been begging your bread but for me, you should presume to offer advice on my own affairs. But I will say no more."

The clerk lingered on in the room, as if in hopes that some straw might still be left to clutch at. Then he said: "Mr. Greysark, you observed just now that the fact of your marriage depends upon the consent of the young lady's father."

"Those were my words, Mr. Penn," replied the merchant.

"If he should refuse his consent?" said Penn.

"Refuse, Mr. Penn! Refuse!" exclaimed Greysark. "Such a thing is simply impossible, simply too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The head of the house of Jonathan Greysark & Co., I should imagine, was a match for any one."

"So you may think, sir," said Penn quietly, "but fathers sometimes hold strange opinions."

"Mr. Penn, you are insolent, sir!" almost roared the merchant, rising in his chair, and glaring at his clerk with furious eyes.

Penn fumbled in his pockets, and continued still quietly, "Well, sir, in this case the father's opinion does happen to differ from yours, and he refuses his sanction to his daughter's marriage."

Jonathan Greysark started from his chair, his face perfectly livid, his eyes and mouth wide open. Penn drew forth a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and as it utterly unconscious of the storm he had raised, resumed:

"You have addressed this letter to Mr. Robert Fleming, the father of Phyllis, the young lady to whom you were paying your addresses. I, for family reasons, with which you are quite familiar, prefer to be known in my circle of acquaintance as Robert Fleming. Phyllis is my daughter, and I re—"

"No! no! don't go on!" shouted Greysark in a voice of supplication.

* * * * * * *

In the course of a few weeks Phyllis Penn became Mrs. Jonathan Greysark, and the style of the firm in Rood Lane was altered to Greysark, Penn & Co.

Water only when the plants require it, which may be from two to three times a week. This depends on how fast the soil dries.

One of the Family;

Or, The Queer Pranks of Don Cupid.

Farmer Kimball was in his strawberry patch, pulling up the weeds, when Lucy Keene came down the road that beautiful July morning, and he was just about to throw an armful of them over the fence as she came round the corner.

The sun-bonnet she wore was exactly like one he remembered to have seen her mother wear 25 years ago; and he remembered, too, as he looked at this one, and the fresh, rosy face under it, how that one had made his heart flutter the first time he saw it, and how he was so bewitched by it, or the face under it, that he had walked home with Hester Mason, and had hard work to keep from proposing to her.

He wondered now, and he had wondered many times in the twenty-five years that had gone by since then, why he never did propose to her.

He had meant to marry her some time, and he was sure she liked him in the old days; but something had come between them, and she had married Robert Keene, and he had married his cousin Mary.

As he had looked at Hester's daughter, this summer morning, the old fire stirred under the dust and ashes of twenty-five years, and he felt a little flame spring up in his heart.

"Good morning, Lucy," he said, leaning over the fence.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, with a little jump, "I didn't see you, and you came near scaring me. Isn't it pleasant?"

"Yes, it is pleasant," answered the farmer, looking straight at her pretty face. "How's your mother?"

"Pretty well," answered Lucy. "Your strawberries are doing splendidly, aren't they? We're always provided with. The hens got into the garden, and mother says she don't think we'll have a pailful of berries in all."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the farmer. "Now tell your mother that she's welcome to all she wants out of my patch. She can have 'em just as well as not. There's going to be a sight more'n we'll want, and I'd rather have 'em used than wasted."

"I will tell her," answered Lucy; "I know she'll be delighted at the chance. You know what a hand she is to make strawberry preserves."

"Yes, I do," answered the farmer, thinking of old times. "I remember she beat all the housekeepers at that. They used to say that she had a knack of making strawberry jam, that nobody else could get hold of."

"She hasn't lost it yet," said Lucy. "She'll be pleased to have you come to tea some time and try some she made last year. She had unusually good luck."

"I'll do it," he replied. "Let me see—to-day's Wednesday. Tell her I'll come over on Saturday, if it's agreeable; and I guess I'll bring some ripe, nice ones to pick a pailful by that time. If they be, I'll bring some over."

"Thank you," said Lucy. "If you do we'll have a shortcake. I'll tell her to expect you Saturday then."

"Yes," answered the farmer; "I'll be round if nothing happens. Oh, I heard from Charley yesterday. He'll be home in a day or two, I guess."

"That'll be pleasant for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick up a daisy.

He could not see how rosy the face under the bewitching sun-bonnet grew all at once. If he had it might have set him to thinking.

"Yes, it will," said the farmer. "Charley's a good boy."

"I think I'll have to be going," said Lucy. "We shall expect you to tea Saturday, remember."

"I won't disappoint you," said the farmer; and then Lucy went on, and he went back to pulling weeds.

It's pose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, "but I don't know as it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy and she's willin', I'm going to do it."

Farmer Kimball will see that the farmer's old fancy for the mother had suddenly been transferred to the daughter.

Charley came home the next day.

I s'pose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking," said the good-hearted farmer. "I'd 'bout as soon take a horsewhipping, I declare. But there ain't any use in dreading it, and putting it off, as I know of."

Accordingly, when they were sitting in the porch, after supper, the farmer began:

"I've been thinking of getting a new housekeeper," he announced.

"Won't Aunt Sarah stay?" asked Charley.

"—I mean a housekeeper of another kind," he said, wiping his face, vigorously.

Charley gave a whistle of surprise, and stared hard at his father.

"You don't be, if I may ask such a question?" he said.

"Down the road," said the farmer, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Widow Keene's.

He couldn't muster up courage to say it was Lucy.

"Aha! that's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Kimball, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—a member of the family."

"I haven't any objections, if she hasn't."

"She's that's over," said the farmer, as Charley strolled down the road in the early evening. "I wonder he never took a fancy to her. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, of course."

While he sat there, Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, for he seemed to understand how matters stood perfectly. And what he told her after that is none of your business or mine, though I will say that I feel sure it had nothing to do with Lucy's becoming "one of the family."

About o'clock on Saturday afternoon Mr. Kimball in his best suit, and with a pail of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good afternoon," said the widow as she let him in, with a charming suspicion of a blush in her face.

"Here's some berries," said he, awkwardly presenting his offering. "Lucy said the hens had played the mischief with yours, and as I knew why you may just as well as not have as many of 'em as you need."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you!" By that time the farmer had got to the sitting room door. Who should he see there but Charley, seemingly very much at home, as he held worsted for Lucy to wind.

"I managed to get an invitation to tea, too," laughed Charley. "You kept it very sly, but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of strawberry preserves."

Then Charley and Lucy looked at each other and laughed, and the farmer felt his face grow red.

"Just see what he's brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll help pick 'em, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember how fond you used to be of strawberry shortcake years ago," and the widow smiled at the farmer till there was a dimple in each cheek. Her words brought vividly back to him his happiest experience of a quarter of a century previous.

"I remember, too," he responded.

Then Lucy and her mother went out.

"I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley.

"—I don't understand," said the farmer, in great bewilderment, growing hot, then cold.

"Why, you know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," exclaimed Charley. "I supposed you understood, from what you said, that Lucy and I intended to be married. It's all settled."

Mr. Kimball sat speechless. What he thought of in the next five minutes could not be described. His brain worked with a speed and intensity to which it was quite unaccustomed.

"I—I hope you'll be happy," he stammered at last, feeling that something was expected of him, and amiably desirous of maintaining, as far as he could, the genial and happy spirit of the occasion.

"I'm sure we will," said Charley. "I hope you will, too."

Pretty soon the widow came in.

"The shortcake's baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd pick the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play lady and entertain the company."

Charley watched his opportunity and slipped into the kitchen. The two more than middle-aged people were thus left to entertain each other. The coy boy Cupid never had a better opportunity given him.

The farmer had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy, he'd have her mother, if he could get her.

"Come to think it all over," he told himself, "that was the best plan by all odds."

He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of marrying a girl of twenty-one or two. The idea was ridiculous.

"What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time."

"Hem!" he began, getting red again. "Charley and Lucy are going to get married. Why shouldn't we?"

Mr. Kimball blurted out the question with startling emphasis.

"Why, Mr. Kimball!" cried the widow, blushing so rosily that he thought she was prettier than her daughter.

"I came over on purpose to ask you," he said, telling a most outrageous fib. "I hope you haven't any objections."

When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to say tea was ready, the farmer rose up, blushing like a girl, and jerked his thumb toward the door, then said in a voice that shook a little:

"That's your mother, Lucy. I mean she's Mrs. Kimball, or going to be. It's all settled."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and plumped a kiss on the farmer's lips, who said she might give him another for her father-in-law while she was about it, if she'd no objections. "One will answer for both," said Lucy.

Then the farmer gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry five-and-twenty years ago, and led her out to tea. He has never regretted that matters turned out as they did.

"Lucy can't be beat for a daughter," he tells himself; "but I don't want any better wife than her mother makes."—*[Philadelphia Call.*

Poultry Department.

Asa York, Esq., of Yarmouth, probably the largest poultry man in the State, is wintering 1,100 hens. Commencing ten years ago with a small flock, he has gradually increased his business. Just now he is getting 50 dozen eggs a day. Last year he sold 40,000 dozen, buying many in addition to those gathered from his buildings. This winter he is building a house to store his cabbages in, for the hens in winter, also for ice, to keep fish waste and other food for summer. No attempt is made to breed for poultry, and the surplus cockerels and old hens are sold alive to the butchers. The only object is the getting of eggs, and in this Mr. York is highly successful.

Poultry Account.

Mr. Editor: You wished me to send the footing of poultry account. It is as follows:

Stock on Jan. 1, 1885.

150 pullets at 60 cts.,	$90.00
Cost of feed,	328.04
Eggs for sitting,	22.00
	$440.04

Stock on hand Jan. 1, 1886.

232 pullets at 70 cts.,	$162.40
5 cocks at 60 cts.,	3.00
26 cockerels at 50 cts.,	13.00
90 chicks at 25 cts.,	27.50
1,644 dozen eggs,	290.48
Fowl sold,	133.70
Total,	$632.08
	440.04
Profit,	$192.04

This has been an unfavorable year for me. I had formerly kept common barnyard fowl, but my breeding stock for 1885 were Plymouth Rocks. I fed too liberally and did not give exercise enough, consequently out of the first 34 sittings, raised but four chicks. This did not discourage me. I reduced the fat, gave them plenty of exercise and had good fertile eggs, but then it was too late to get high prices for the chicks, or to have pullets lay early in the fall. I have avoided surplus flesh this winter and have a hardy lot of fowl. The balance sheet shows a very small profit, but when I consider what it should be for the number of fowl kept, and number of eggs set. I find that in 1884 the profit on 50 hens was $130, or $2.60 per head. For feed I give a hot breakfast of boiled vegetables, to which is added: two-thirds shorts and one-third corn and oats ground together, a little salt and beef scraps. I give fresh meat when I can get it, feed corn, oats and wheat noon and night; keep gravel, bone meal and shells by them all the time, and plenty of cabbage; give warm water twice a day when it is very cold. I look for just as many eggs when the glass stands 20° below zero, as when 20° above.

G. A. GLOVER.

"That'll be pleasant for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick up a daisy.

He could not see how rosy the face under the bewitching sun-bonnet grew all at once. If he had it might have set him to thinking.

"Yes, it will," said the farmer. "Charley's a good boy."

"I think I'll have to be going," said Lucy. "We shall expect you to tea Saturday, remember."

"I won't disappoint you," said the farmer; and then Lucy went on, and he went back to pulling weeds.

It's pose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, "but I don't know as it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy and she's willin', I'm going to do it."

Farmer Kimball will see that the farmer's old fancy for the mother had suddenly been transferred to the daughter.

Charley came home the next day.

I s'pose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking," said the good-hearted farmer. "I'd 'bout as soon take a horsewhipping, I declare. But there ain't any use in dreading it, and putting it off, as I know of."

Accordingly, when they were sitting in the porch, after supper, the farmer began:

"I've been thinking of getting a new housekeeper," he announced.

"Won't Aunt Sarah stay?" asked Charley.

"—I mean a housekeeper of another kind," he said, wiping his face, vigorously.

Charley gave a whistle of surprise, and stared hard at his father.

"You don't be, if I may ask such a question?" he said.

"Down the road," said the farmer, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Widow Keene's.

He couldn't muster up courage to say it was Lucy.

"Aha! that's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Kimball, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—a member of the family."

"I haven't any objections, if she hasn't."

"She's that's over," said the farmer, as Charley strolled down the road in the early evening. "I wonder he never took a fancy to her. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, of course."

While he sat there, Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, for he seemed to understand how matters stood perfectly. And what he told her after that is none of your business or mine, though I will say that I feel sure it had nothing to do with Lucy's becoming "one of the family."

About o'clock on Saturday afternoon Mr. Kimball in his best suit, and with a pail of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good afternoon," said the widow as she let him in, with a charming suspicion of a blush in her face.

"Here's some berries," said he, awkwardly presenting his offering. "Lucy said the hens had played the mischief with yours, and as I knew why you may just as well as not have as many of 'em as you need."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you!" By that time the farmer had got to the sitting room door. Who should he see there but Charley, seemingly very much at home, as he held worsted for Lucy to wind.

"I managed to get an invitation to tea, too," laughed Charley. "You kept it very sly, but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of strawberry preserves."

Then Charley and Lucy looked at each other and laughed, and the farmer felt his face grow red.

"Just see what he's brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll help pick 'em, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember how fond you used to be of strawberry shortcake years ago," and the widow smiled at the farmer till there was a dimple in each cheek. Her words brought vividly back to him his happiest experience of a quarter of a century previous.

"I remember, too," he responded.

Then Lucy and her mother went out.

"I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley.

"—I don't understand," said the farmer, in great bewilderment, growing hot, then cold.

"Why, you know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," exclaimed Charley. "I supposed you understood, from what you said, that Lucy and I intended to be married. It's all settled."

Mr. Kimball sat speechless. What he thought of in the next five minutes could not be described. His brain worked with a speed and intensity to which it was quite unaccustomed.

"I—I hope you'll be happy," he stammered at last, feeling that something was expected of him, and amiably desirous of maintaining, as far as he could, the genial and happy spirit of the occasion.

"I'm sure we will," said Charley. "I hope you will, too."

Pretty soon the widow came in.

"The shortcake's baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd pick the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play lady and entertain the company."

Charley watched his opportunity and slipped into the kitchen. The two more than middle-aged people were thus left to entertain each other. The coy boy Cupid never had a better opportunity given him.

The farmer had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy, he'd have her mother, if he could get her.

"Come to think it all over," he told himself, "that was the best plan by all odds."

He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of marrying a girl of twenty-one or two. The idea was ridiculous.

"What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time."

"Hem!" he began, getting red again. "Charley and Lucy are going to get married. Why shouldn't we?"

Mr. Kimball blurted out the question with startling emphasis.

"Why, Mr. Kimball!" cried the widow, blushing so rosily that he thought she was prettier than her daughter.

"I came over on purpose to ask you," he said, telling a most outrageous fib. "I hope you haven't any objections."

When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to say tea was ready, the farmer rose up, blushing like a girl, and jerked his thumb toward the door, then said in a voice that shook a little:

"That's your mother, Lucy. I mean she's Mrs. Kimball, or going to be. It's all settled."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and plumped a kiss on the farmer's lips, who said she might give him another for her father-in-law while she was about it, if she'd no objections. "One will answer for both," said Lucy.

Then the farmer gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry five-and-

Young Folks' Column.

MORE CENTENNIAL CHILDREN. *Mr. Editor:* Lucy Estella Young of South Surry, was born July 4th, 1876, consequently will be ten years old next 4th of July. T.

Mr. Editor: In answer to your article dated Jan 14, I will say I was born July 4th, 1876. I attended school this winter. We had a term of nine weeks; it closed last Friday. We have three terms a year of ten weeks. I study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic and geography. I live on a farm one mile from the village. I go to Sunday school. My teacher's name is Ella Kimball. I like her very much. There are about ten scholars in my class. I have one sister two years old; I think her very cunning. I have two pet cats, their names are Minnie and Billy; they are very playful. Both took preference at the Dexter fair. I also have quite a family of dolls, ten in all. I wash dishes, sweep, and do many things to help mother. I do not knit much, but have pieced patchwork for two quilts. Most of my spare time I take care of little sister. Also, answer to Fannie Lancaster's riddle is "Equal."

Dexter. FLOSSIE G. JOSE.

BIBLICAL PUZZLE STORY. A little girl whose name was the same as that of David's great grandmother, and whose age was the same as that of Jairus' daughter, who was raised to life, was to celebrate her birthday on the same day of the same month that the ark rested on Mount Ararat. When she awoke in the morning she found several girls waiting for her. Her father's gift was like that which Joseph directed should be put in the mouth of Benjamin's sack. Her mother gave her what Pharaoh gave Joseph when he set him over all Egypt. Her aunt, who lived in a city whose name was the same as one of the seven churches in Asia, sent her something like that which Job wished his enemy would write; and her brother sent her a little pet animal like that which the Jews offered in sacrifice. She was very happy with her gifts, though she wished somebody had given her a pair of ornaments like those which the Israelite woman gave Aaron, and of which he fashioned the golden calf. In the afternoon two of her little friends came to see her, one of whose name was that of Samuel's mother, and the other the same as that of Lazarus' sister who sat at Jesus' feet. Their present was an article like that which was used to pick up the fragments in when the five thousand were fed, and it was filled with the same that the spies brought out of Canaan. After playing in the house awhile, they went out and did what the boys and girls will do in the new Jerusalem. They went into a place like that in which Adam and Eve were put, and played under the shade of a tree like that under which Joshua set a great stone. After they had played till they felt as Sisera did when he went into Jael's tent, they came in and sat down to the same thing that Simon made for his friends. There was something on the table which if cast on the waters will return again, and some of the things which Abraham and Sarah set before the three angels, and for desert they had some of the things which Jacob sent to Joseph in Egypt, and what Abagail brought David. After they had played all they wanted to they went home.

Mr. Editor: I was pleasantly surprised by receiving the *Farmer* for my paper this year. I am eleven years old. I have a little brother and one sister; my brother is three years old, and my sister is 8 years old today. I went to school 10 weeks this winter and did not miss a day, nor get a tardy mark. We have a little colt, 7 months old. Her name is Margie; and a little lamb 5 days old. I like the young folks' column very much. I think I can answer Ida M. Lamson's question: it is found in the Songs of Solomon, 8th chapter and 5th verse. I will close by sending a riddle. What time is it when your clock strikes 13? Next essay my answer to Sadie B.'s riddle, I will answer it. I have got an organ, and I am learning to play. The answer to A. M. T.'s question No. 1, is Shiloh; No. 2, Genesis, 18th chapter, 8th verse; No. 3, 2d Samuel, 21st chapter, 20th verse; No. 4, Ahimelech, and the city was Shechau; Orville J. Guptill's, the meaning of Mizpah is a sentinel; Myra L. Robinson's is in Isaiah, 40th chapter, 7th verse; the answer to Walter Robinson's riddle is one. I will send some questions. Where in the bible is school masters mentioned? Where does it say, "The brook of honey and butter." How many times does Jehovah occur?

Malvern. MABEL JOHNNETT.

Dear Readers: I enjoy reading the letters of this column very much. I am thirteen years old. Since last winter I did all of the work four weeks for a family of five. I can knit and sew. I like to do fancy work quite well. Will some one please send me a pattern for knit lace, and in exchange I will send a receipt for peppermint. 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of water; boil five minutes, then flavor with one spoonful of peppermint; stir until thick, then drop. I have been sick most of the week. I will send a riddle for some one to guess: There is a bird in paradise, that does the work of Jesus Christ, it honors God and succors man, and does the work that no man can.

Eustis EVANGELINE.

Dear Editor: We have 8 horses and 16 cows and 3 calves. I am in the third class going to the village school; my nearest playmate is Albert Robbins, but I don't get much time to play. I have 2 kittens; their names are Ena and Willie P. Will close by asking a bible question and a riddle. Where in the bible is, "Will a man rob God?" Riddle. Round head, no body, but yet its body I can span, and it can walk as fast as any one. ALBION VICTOR TOWNS.

Winthrop.

Dear Editor: I am a little girl. I will be seven years old the sixteenth of this month. For pets I have a kitten and a bird, the kitten's name is Tab, and the bird's name is Browny. I haven't been to school any this winter, but I study with my mother. I get a lesson and read out of the third reader every day at home. I feed the hens every day and bring in the eggs. I am real small. ELVA PICKARD.

West Hampden.

Dear Editor: I have been to school ten weeks this winter. I have two brothers. I have made two pies to-day, my eighth birthday. I skated on the crust and had a good time. I think I can answer Laura T. Davison's riddle. The blind beggar was a sister to the man that was drowned. Where in the bible does it tell of the man who lived forty days and forty nights without eating or drinking? Who was it?

Sidney. ADA M. STILSON.

Dear Readers: My father takes the *Farmer*, and I read the young folks' column. I like it very much.

As I was going by a neighbor's door,
There I saw ten upon four,
Hopping and jumping and skipping about;
Here is a riddle for you to find out.

The answer is a woman knitting; the ten upon four is the ten fingers upon four needles.

GEORGIA H. LEVENSELLER.

East Eddington.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am a girl of 13 years; I have two sisters; Minnie is 12 years old, and little Jennie is 18 months, and we think she is cunning. We live on a small farm and we keep two cows, one horse and one lamb; we call it Flossie; and two little kittens, their names are Jumbo and Spot. My grandpa takes the *Maine Farmer*, and I like to read it very much. O. M. H.

Cushing.

Mr. Editor: I think the answer to Inez C. Hall's riddle,